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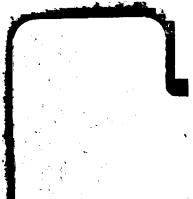

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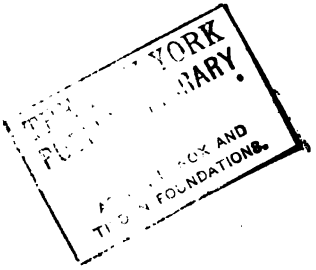
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THE

MOTHER'S PRESENT.

A

HOLIDAY GIFT

FOR THE YOUNG.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY MRS. COLMAN.

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HALLOWORTH, PRINTER,
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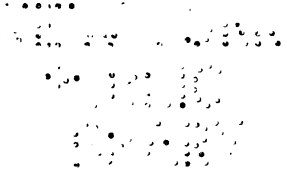
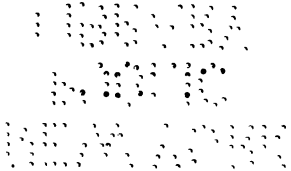
To my beloved Daughter,

PAMELA A. HOWARD,

The endearing friend and companion of my lonely hours, this Volume is affectionately dedicated, by her Mother,

P. COLMAN.





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THE MOTHERS' PRESENT.

MY DARLING BOY.

BY MISS COLMAN.

Gently rocks thy boat, sweet child,
Thy boat of bright sea-shell,
Round which the rippling wavelets break,
With a soft and lulling spell.

Sleep hath gently closed thine eyes,
My own, my darling boy;
But happy smiles play o'er thy face,
Which always beams with joy.

Fairy spirits round thee hover,
Singing many a lovely song,
With the softest, sweetest voices,
That to spirit land belong.

And murmuring low a lullaby,
In voices sweetly blending,
Angels guarding thee with love,
Are gently o'er thee bending.

A rainbow too, with glowing tints,
Doth o'er thee brightly bend,
A sign that heavenly wisdom,
With innocence doth blend.

Oh, listen to the precious words,
The whispering angels tell,
For they will teach thee how to live,
That thou with them mayest dwell.

They'll teach thee how, though growing wise,
To keep thy childlike mind,
For *He* who hallowed earth hath said,
'T is such in heaven we find.

THE "GOOD" FAMILY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

THE "Good" family are of ancient and honorable descent; originally, I am led to believe, they were all good; but they married into different families, and took the names of their various connexions in addition to their own. One or two had names given them of which they are rather ashamed. Such is the case with Mr. *Good-for-nothing*, who has a great deal of pretension about him, and yet is avoided by all respectable people, as a dangerous acquaintance; the less, therefore, I say about him the better.

MRS. *Goodnature* is a great and deserved favorite with all young people, though I have known persons who affected to turn up their noses at her when they did not

require her assistance. She is never absent that she is not desired; and certainly no society is cheerful or pleasing for any time, where she is not. Her voice is so kindly, her manners are so obliging, that she deserves universal gratitude. Perhaps upon your first introduction, you do not think her handsome, but she never fails to win your affections; and the world would be really cold if her mild blue eyes ceased to beam upon us. She is fond of children; indeed their very existence, during their early years, depends almost entirely upon her; she is so patient, so forgiving. She under-rates whatever trouble she takes, and over-rates what little she gives. She is the best mistress in the world; her servants serve her pleasantly. I must confess, that her manner is sometimes a little bustling and undignified; perhaps this proceeds from her being but seldom in what is called *high society;* though she is privately intimate with many of our nobility. She does not patronise fashionable novels; but she is well

read in good books, and acts up to a precept, which you can find if you please to look for it, and which is as simple as beautiful. It is this:—

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

She is also the very queen of innocent amusements; can romp with my little friends in the nursery; sing with them in the drawing-room; render their tasks easy, their labors light; and, what is better still, watch by a sick-bed, and nurse sick children with so sweet a tenderness that invalids say, Mrs. Goodnature charms away their pain. I think she is my favorite of the whole family.

The good-intentioned are a widely extended branch of the Goods. I have heard that they are found in every part of the habitable world. There is an hereditary *lameness* in this particular division of the family, which renders them remarkable. They are tolerated in society, but I never knew one who was either respected or beloved. They are weakly from their birth;

are fond of talking, which weakens them still more; and I tell you, as a secret, that you must not entirely depend on what they say; they do not mean to deceive you, but, as they constantly deceive themselves, they are not to be trusted. They generally die as they live, without being of service either to themselves or others; and if it was not for the bounty and kind exertions of Mrs. Goodnature, I fear that many of the Good-intentioned would come to an untimely end.

Another member of this numerous family, a Miss Good, married an Irishman of the name of Fellow; and he, out of compliment, of which all Irishmen are very fond, united her name to his, and thus the two became *Goodfellow*.

There are very few if any female descendants of this name, either in Ireland or elsewhere; though the male descendants are in my opinion still too numerous. A *Goodfellow* need not of necessity be a good man; indeed, many of those called Good-

fellows, whom I have met, have been, in my opinion, very bad persons.

They are generally wild, careless, intemperate people, who have squandered their own property thoughtlessly, and love jesting and foolish talking better than employment. I should not like any of the dear children whom I know, to make acquaintance with the Masters Goodfellow; they are such idle boys!—fond of low company and donkey races. Nothing, I am certain, could transform a Goodfellow into a gentleman; so why should I say any more about them?

If I dislike the Goodfellows, I can hardly tell you how much I admire the *Goodtempered!* The ladies of this family are particularly delightful, and, believe me, you never can be too intimate with them; there is a sweetness in their smiles, a serenity in their eyes, a gentleness in their aspect, which it is impossible to describe. Their motto is, "Bear and forbear." I could tell you many anecdotes of families recon-

ciled—quarrels prevented—asperities softened, by the worthy members of this family, who seem bound to please not only each other, but all the world. They do not court admiration, though their influence in general society is very considerable; but they are the charm and essence of domestic life. As sisters, they are so gentle, so unselfish! remembering, in the beautiful words of Scripture, "That a soft answer turneth away wrath." They reply, when spoken to quickly or harshly, with the utmost serenity; and so great in the end does their influence become, that they have frequently the happiness of rendering others as amiable as themselves, by the mere force of example.

As daughters, the Misses *Goodtempered* are really exemplary. I knew one whose maternal grandmother was lame, deaf, more than half blind, and oh! so cross—nothing ever pleased her. Morning, noon, and night, she did nothing but find fault. This was not right, and t' other was not right:

then the weather; the poor old lady was ever murmuring at God's will; it was always too hot, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry, or too dark, or too light. I used to feel for Julie, and Julie seemed to feel for every body but herself. At last, one evening, her good temper fairly overcame her grandmamma's crossness. I will tell you how it was.

"Julie," said the old lady, "pull down the blind;" the blind was pulled down. "Julie, pull up the blind, I can't see at all;" up went the blind. "Julie, why did you not answer me, when I told you to pull up the blind? you should have said, yes." "*Yes, dear grandmamma,*" shouted Julie, at the top of her voice. "Ah!" said the old lady, "I wish somebody would read to me whom I could hear; I want to know what they said in the House of Commons last night." Julie had an appointment with some young friends to take a walk; yet, instead of doing so, she took off her bonnet and sat down upon a stool

at her grandmamma's feet, with a pleasant and cheerful countenance, to read or rather to scream out the debates, which we all know can possess no immediate interest for a young lady of fifteen. No impatience manifested itself in her sweet countenance. She read paragraph after paragraph, and speech after speech, some of them twice over; and at last the old lady fell asleep. Julie opened the window softly, and stood enjoying the soft warm air, and the gentle twilight of a summer evening. She had not had five minutes to herself during the whole of the past week. The window overlooked a pleasant valley, and she could hear the laughter and the songs of her young friends. I believe tears did gather in her eyes, but she wiped them quickly away, and turned with renewed patience, to the sharp, impatient exclamation of her grandmamma, who called "Julie," only to commence fresh lamentations and complaints.

"I wish Julie, you were a little taller,

that I might lean on you while I walk, instead of leaning on my maid,—she moves so quickly."

"Lean on my shoulder, grandmamma, instead of my arm," replied the girl, who well deserved the name "Good temper."

"Your shoulder is too high," replied the old lady, peevishly. "I wish you were either taller or shorter, and then you might be of some use."

I know some young ladies, who, instead of replying in gentle terms to this certainly *unmerited* reproach, would have said, "Indeed, grandmamma, I cannot help my height; and as to being useful, I am sure I am as useful as I can be." But no, the color mounted to Julie's cheek: she felt hurt, and no wonder; good temper does not prevent our feeling, but it prevents our evincing that feeling in an unamiable manner; its natural sweetness destroys the acidity of human nature, and renders the bitter palatable.

"I will stoop, grandmamma, I can very

well walk so; you suffer so much pain that I would do anything in my power to alleviate it," said Julie. The old lady looked in her grand-daughter's face, and said, "Humph!" nothing more, and leaned upon her shoulder, crawling up and down, up and down the room, for more than half an hour.

"That will do Julie," she said at last; "and now I will sit down, and you shall read me last night's debate over again. What I did hear was very interesting, but part of the time I was asleep; and you did not read quite loud enough." While one servant was bringing in candles, another brought Julie a little note; it was from her dearest friends who lived in the next cottage, requesting her to come to them for two or three hours, as they were going to try over some new music, and dance some quadrilles. Again Julie's cheek flushed. "If I ask grandmamma," she thought, "she will not prevent me; but then, her maid cannot read as loudly as I can; and she has

set her heart upon those debates." She looked at the old lady; there was an expression of settled pain upon her features that touched Julie's heart. She wrote a short note of apology to her friends, and sat down with a satisfied spirit to her task. Does it seem strange to you, that Julie, after the first feelings of disappointment were over, felt happy? I am sorry for it if it does, because it is a proof to me, that you have not yet tasted the sweets of *self-denial.* I assure you, Julie was happy, perfectly happy. She had not only done her duty, but she had done it with cheerfulness. While Julie was assisting to undress the old lady at night, the little note of invitation which she had received, fell from her bosom. "What note is that, Julie?" inquired her grandmamma.

Julie, I am happy to say, never either told a story or equivocated.

"A note I received from the cottage this evening, grandmamma."

"What about, Julie."

"Inviting me to go in to hear some music."

"And why did you not go, child?"

"Because, dear grandmamma, you wished me to read you the debates."

"My maid could have done that," observed the old lady; and she did not speak again for several minutes; at last she exclaimed, "Julie!"

"Well, dear grandmamma?"

"I do not think you can love me, I cause you so many privations?"

"My dear grandmamma, I feel a little disappointed sometimes; but I do love you for all that, and when you seem pleased with what I do, I am perfectly and entirely happy."

The old lady went to bed; Julie prayed by her bed-side as usual; but when she went to her in the morning, she saw she had been weeping.

"I am afraid you are not well, my dear grandmamma," said the kind girl.

"I am never well," she replied; "but,

Julie, I begin to think I make myself worse: I fret and fidget, and torment myself and others, more than I need. I have lived a great many years in the world, and instead of regretting present pain as much as I do, I ought to think of past happiness, and endeavor to look towards that enjoyment which I hope to have hereafter. You have been a good girl, Julie—a very good girl; I cannot call to mind your having *once* made me an improper answer, or evinced the slightest symptom of impatience, though I know I have often provoked you."

"No, no!" exclaimed Julie, "it was my duty, grandmamma, to bear whatever you chose to say."

"My dear, I am sorry to say, people do not always do their duty. I am an old woman, but am willing to acknowledge that old as I am, your example has done me good. I am not ashamed to say, that I will try and follow it. Pain, my dear,—pain and long habit, will prevent me from being what I ought to be; but I know I can say

this to you, Julie; you have made your grandmother sorry for her crossness, by your own invincible good temper. Bless you, my dear child! you *have* been a blessing to me all your life!" Tears ran down the old lady's cheeks as she spoke; Julie kissed them off, and assured her grandmamma, that the greatest happiness of her life would be to do all in her power to render her old age tranquil and comfortable. It was both pleasing and extraordinary to see how well the old lady kept her resolve; she continued for many years an example of the precept, that it is "never too late to mend."

The *Good-hearted* are another branch of this family; but I confess that many take the name who have no right to it. When I hear persons, who I know have done all manner of mischief in the world, called "Good-hearted," merely because they have free and careless habits, and are ready to give away what, in strict justice and honor, is not their own, I know that they have

adopted the name "Good," to cloak the reality "Evil;" so that when persons are called "*Good-hearted*," I would always wish my young friends to ascertain if they really deserve the distinction. The truly "Good-hearted" are most estimable people, combining in themselves all the good qualities of the Goods; but the *Good-hearts* are known by *good deeds;* one never exists without the other. I cannot say more about this family at present; but of one thing I am certain, that if you cultivate the acquaintance of those I have ventured to recommend to your notice, you will be the happier for it all the days of your life.

THE STAR OVER THE BROOK.

BY MISS COLMAN.

The brook it ran and rippled,
  Between two grassy banks,
The flowers bent and whispered
  Their gentlest, sweetest thanks.

Oh none could tell how dearly
  The flowers loved the brook,
Though its breast did mirror back
  Each sweet expressive look.

And none had ever heard
  The flowers' gentle sigh,
Though some there were who listened,
  To the brooklet's low reply.

There too the waving grass,
  Which grew so soft and green,
Would bend and bend, until each blade,
  To kiss the stream was seen.

And ever there among the leaves,
  Was a strange low whisper heard,
Which ceased not all the quiet night,
  When sweetly slept each bird.

And o'er this happy brook,
  There hung a lovely star,
Which ever through the gloom,
  Shed clearest light afar.

But e'er the dawning day
  Had made the stars grow dim,
She, with her sister angels,
  Did chant a morning hymn.

Then woke each tiny flowret,
Each blade of modest green,
While sparkling in the light,
The farewell tears were seen.

For the star so pure and bright,
Shone on an angel's brow;
'T was the guardian of the flowers,
And she must leave them now.

'T is true she watches ever;
But only in the night,
When sleeps the glaring eye of day,
Can they see her quiet light.

DEAR DUMMY.

"I WAS BORN SO, MOTHER."

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"I assure you it was all Dummy's fault, grandmamma; you know that when she gets a notion into her head it is quite impossible to prevent her from persisting in doing whatever she determines to do!"—

"She is a little obstinate now and then, I confess," replied Lady Isabella Lloyd to her grand-daughter Margaret, who censured so severely one who had been sorely afflicted.—"A little obstinate now and then," repeated the noble old lady—"but that ought not to provoke injustice: you forget, Margaret, who sat by your bed of long-continued illness—you forget who watches your every movement—you forget who humbles to your every caprice—you forget"—

"No, grandmamma," interrupted the young lady, "I do *not* forget—I love dear Dummy very much, but she vexes me sometimes."

"You vex both her and me very often," replied her grandmother—"and you should remember that her infirmity frequently causes her to be impetuous, while you, my child, have, thank God, no such excuse!"

"Dummy," as the subject of this conversation had been always called, was a young and exceedingly beautiful Indian girl, who had been committed to the care of Lady Isabella and Mr. Lloyd, no one exactly knew why, when not more than five years old; nobody knew who she was;—the servants called her "Miss Dummy,"—Lady Isabella, "little Dummy,"—and Margaret, (when she was in good humor,) "*dear* Dummy."—The captain of the vessel who brought her over designated her as Dummy in a sort of bill-of-lading letter, which he wrote to Mr. Lloyd, intimating her arrival and consignment to his care; and when the

poor child appeared at Lloyd Park, *why* she was so described was but too apparent. She had not been born deaf; but so very imperfect were her organs of speech, that she could not pronounce the simplest sentence without such painful hesitation, that it was perfect agony both to herself and others—and it is not to be wondered at, that she learned with avidity the signs which interpreted her thoughts, and saved her so much labor and excitement.

Lady Isabella, treated her with great kindness, and the little stranger returned her love with a seven-fold interest. She was one of those creatures made up of tenderness and affection, with whom the world has little sympathy, because it cannot understand the earnestness, the uncalculating fondness, the devotion, the simplicity of its emotions. She was of singular and peculiar beauty: her limbs appeared as if bound together more by will than the power of muscle, they were so small, so agile, so graceful, so full of motion,and so beautiful when in re-

pose. To her the world appeared as one huge mass of poetry: she wept with the showers, and danced with the sunshine; she loved flowers, and moonlight and music; and every bird and beast that was young and helpless was, as it were, cherished in her bosom, or carried in her arms. It was singular to observe how completely the luxuries and enjoyments of society failed to excite her interest; this was the principal reason why she was so little seen by persons of rank and fashion who visited at Lloyd Park, or joined the fetes during the family's sojourn at their old-fashioned mansion in Grosvenor Place. Added to this distaste for society, or perhaps the real cause of its existence, was the knowledge she had of her defect: not to be able to reply when spoken to must have caused a mind like hers a painful and constantly-recurring misery; and though she wrote apt and *piquant* answers to all who questioned, and wrote them in an exquisite hand upon her little tablets of the whitest ivory, still she would retire

from society to her books, her music, or her flowers, leaving her lofty and magnificent friend Margaret in quiet possession of the homage she appreciated far more highly than it deserved.

Sometimes Lady Isabella would force her into society, and display her beautiful charge calling sweet music from the harp, upon which she excelled,—yet in a way different from all others. Her execution was not startling, but the tones were deep and low, swelling and melodious, shadowing forth the gentler passions, and playing with the feelings, until she tuned them to her own sweet will. She felt all she expressed, and expressed it all the better for the feeling; and her smiles would quiver, or her dark lustrous eyes overflow with tears, as she revelled in melody, the cadences of which sunk into the heart.

Lady Isabella Lloyd had the misfortune to lose her only son, the same year that Dummy was consigned to her care: the calamity was increased by the fact that the

only child he left had lost her mother, who unfortunately died on giving it birth.

Margaret and her young companion grew in stature and in affection together; I say affection, because, notwithstanding Margaret's hasty and imperious temper, and her proneness to cast blame upon her friend, she loved her, not perhaps with a very strong affection, for *that* would have overcome all jealousy, and those little painful fits of occasional ill-temper which she indulged in; but she really liked the Indian girl very much, when she did not fancy that her grandmama loved her too well. The observation which drew forth Lady Isabella's reproof was one she was rather too often in the habit of making: if the pitch of the piano did not exactly suit her voice, it was Dummy's fault; if she misplaced her drawings, Dummy was blamed; if her harp-playing was not admired as much as she thought it deserved to be, Dummy was secretly condemned. "It is her playing," imagined

Margaret, "that throws mine into the shade."

My young friends, have you ever thought of the meanness and despicable nature of envy? Have you considered its dangerous tendency? have you called to mind how it lowers and degrades every generous principle of your nature? have you observed how it debases the mind, and cramps the understanding? have you not read how Cain envied Abel? *Envy was the first murderer.* I would say to you earnestly, most earnestly, suffer it not to enter your hearts, for, if once it enters, it will dwell therein; it is the most creeping and insidious of all sins; its progress is almost imperceptible, but it is sure; and its effects on yourself and towards others are terrible to think upon.

If any one had told Margaret that she envied her afflicted companion, she would have tossed her haughty head, and demanded *why?* Yet she *did* envy her. She envied her the share she possessed of her

grandmamma's affections; she envied her the admiration excited by her beauty, and her skill in music. She forgot how great were her privations, and she suffered her mind to become tainted by this despicable vice. You must not suppose that Dummy was faultless; she was irritable; she was apt to imagine that she was the object of slight and remark, when she was neither; and, though she had latterly conquered herself to a great degree, and did not exhibit the impatience she used in her childhood, yet her cheek would flush, her eyes overflow with tears, and she would seek the privacy of her own room, and weep away her irritation. During her early days it had never entered into her mind to inquire how she was supported; whether she possessed any property of her own, or was entirely dependent upon the bounty of Mr. and Lady Isabella Lloyd. When, however, she had attained her sixteenth year, she became very anxious about it, and ventured to question Lady Isabella upon the subject; it

was with a trembling hand that she presented her the tablet upon which the inquiry was written, with a request to tell her who she was.

"Are you not happy?" said the old lady.

Dummy threw her arms around her friend's neck as an assurance that she loved her, rather than as a reply to her question.

"You will never want the means of living as you now live," continued Lady Isabella; "will not that content you?" Dummy hung her head. "I do not like to refuse you any reasonable request; and yet, perhaps it is better that you know nothing more about yourself." The girl closed her hands in supplication. Lady Isabella paused;—"You have a claim upon us; in point of feeling, almost as strong as Margaret's;—listen:—Mr. Lloyd has been twice married; I am his second wife. His first marriage produced him a daughter, who became, as she grew up, anything but a blessing to him. Without his permission she went to India, where she died, leaving you upon the

world."—"And my father?" wrote the Indian on her tablets. "We suppose him dead; at all events he deserted you. My husband felt his daughter's disobedience and evil conduct so bitterly, that I could only prevail upon him to receive you on one condition, that your relationship was never to be mentioned."

"I could not help my poor mother's error," she pencilled—"I am not disobedient."

"My dear child," said Lady Isabella, "perhaps I have not done right in telling you so much; you can form no idea of the cause of Mr. Lloyd's displeasure; it was great, it was terrible! Your mother almost broke his heart. Margaret has no idea of this; she does not know that her grandfather had ever more than one child, and it is better that she continue to think so."

Dummy seized her tablets eagerly, and wrote, "She would love me better if she thought I was her cousin."

"No," said Lady Isabella, "she would

not; and I *command* you not to inform her of it."

Lady Isabella had seen the envious disposition of her otherwise beloved Margaret, and bitterly did she lament it. Dummy felt most sensibly this excellent lady's kindness; and, while she wept upon her bosom, her voiceless prayers were offered that God might reward her generosity to the poor girl, who, but for her intercession, would have been indeed an outcast.

Then she again wrote, "I have nothing of my own!"

"You have enough," was Lady Isabella's reply, "and you will always have enough."

"But I owe all to charity!" was her next remark, and she blushed while she wrote it.

"My dear," said Lady Isabella gravely, "*we* owe all to charity—to the charity of God!"

Dummy was not satisfied. She longed to tell Margaret of her relationship—she longed to think of Mr. Lloyd, (though he

was a harsh, stern man)—she longed to *write* him "Grand-papa." She often wept for her mother, and wondered if, when the end of all things came, she should be able to recognise her in another world. Her father too, she wondered if he were yet alive, and inquired of herself if *he* would look stern and cold like Mr. Lloyd. Margaret, whom she tenderly loved, repulsed her in a thousand different ways; her behavior to her was dictated by caprice. At one moment she would play with or sing to her; the next she would refuse to walk or sit in the same room: the truth was that Margaret at times struggled against her envious feelings; at others yielded most culpably to their suggestions. Lady Isabella had grown old, and Margaret might almost be called the mistress of the establishment. It is a great disadvantage to young persons to be intrusted with power before they know how to use it.

I need hardly repeat what has been so often and so wisely said, that, to command

properly, we must first learn to obey. No mind is ever healthy that is not properly disciplined; and Margaret had been indulged to excess from her birth. As an heiress, she was certain of having plenty of flattery and admiration, and both had become necessary to her as the air she breathed. Was it not melancholy to think that she grudged her afflicted friend the affection bestowed on her by her grandmother, and that latterly she never saw her seated at the harp without feeling a sharp and bitter pain at the applause bestowed upon her exquisite music? One evening Dummy had been playing to Lady Isabella; Margaret, who seldom spent many minutes with her grandmother, came in. "Margaret," said the old lady, "send for this harp before the company you expect arrive: she plays on it better than she does on yours."

"Dummy *professes* to love music so much for your sake and its own," she replied bitterly, "that perhaps she may prefer remaining with you."

"She *does* prefer remaining with me, when one, the child of my child, prefers society and amusement to the care it would be natural to suppose she ought to bestow upon her grandmother.—Yet—"

The object of this encomium did not permit her ladyship to finish the sentence; she thew her arms round her neck, and murmured the only word she could pronounce without pain, "No—no—no—no."

"My sweet child," said the old lady, "it is ever thus; you are always the peace-maker, my sweet—sweet child!"

"Sheer hypocrisy!" muttered Margaret. Then indeed the color mounted to the Indian's cheek; fire flashed from her bright black eyes as they rested on Margaret. Lady Isabella laid her hand on her arm, and looked imploringly in her face. The same moment Margaret quitted the room.

Dummy wept sadly all that night. Her feelings had long been subject to bitter injury, but they had never before been so insulted. Not even the command of her pro-

tectress could induce her to make one in the festivities; and Margaret's animosity was increased by the numerous inquiries which were made after "La Belle Indienne!"

How different were the feelings of those two girls on that memorable night,—memorable, inasmuch as it was the first on which they retired to their several chambers without exchanging a well understood "good night—good night!" How many sweet remembrances are linked with those two simple words; the dear "good night," seldom unaccompanied by a blessing when it comes from the lips of an affectionate father or a tender mother;—the delicious "good night" murmured when brothers and sisters kiss each other's cheeks, and linger, loath to part, even to enjoy the refreshment of sleep, which they perhaps think sad, because it is solitary;—the kind "good night" of friends—of those we esteem—of those separated by distance, and whom perhaps we may never meet again!—It is

a gentle courtesy that ought never to be forgotten—born of good feeling—trained by good breeding.

Dummy knew that Margaret must pass her chamber to go to her own, and she watched for her soft but rapid footfall with a beating heart. It came, it went; it did not even linger; and when she heard the closing door she threw herself on her bed in an agony of grief. When her grief subsided she knelt and prayed. She examined her own heart; she found it more full of indignation than was seemly in a Christian girl. She prayed again, and though her thoughts were voiceless, they found their way to the Almighty's throne. At last she prayed truly and earnestly for Margaret, and then she slept.

Let it be remembered how differently those two girls had spent the evening;—the Indian by lady Isabella's sick couch, or in the solitude of her own room; Margaret in the gayety and splendor which surround the rich and beautiful. Will it be believed

that it did not cost the young heiress a single pang to omit the "good night," to which she had been accustomed for years? She had argued herself into the belief that she had been injured by Dummy. She could not bear the hideous aspect of envy, and sought to conceal its deformity under the garb of indignation. She repeated to herself that Dummy had supplanted her in her grandmamma's affections, that she tried to supplant her every where. She, a poor dependent on their bounty—she sneered at her affliction—she—but it is an ugly picture; I will not continue it, and only add, *that* night she either did not or could not pray; and her maid told the servants the next morning, "that indeed, if Miss Lloyd continued in such a temper as she was last night, she hoped she might sleep till Doomsday." She awoke feverish and unrefreshed, only in time to receive a summons to attend her grandmamma. The excellent Lady Isabella was dying. She had been taken ill during the night, and had used

her last energies to persuade her husband (who had grown more stern and harsh than ever) to acknowledge poor Dummy as his grand-daughter.

"It will in some degree repay her," said the old lady, "for the mortifications she has endured; it may curb Margaret's overbearing habits. It is an act of justice to one whose undeviating obedience and good conduct have, I hope, in some degree atoned in your eyes for her parent's fault. Do not turn away your head, my dear husband," she continued; "if you will not do so much for the dear girl's sake, surely you will for *mine*." The stern man yielded, and before death had forever sealed those mild blue eyes, which never opened but to beam a blessing upon all around her, Mr. Lloyd had pressed "Dummy" to his bosom, and called her his "Child."

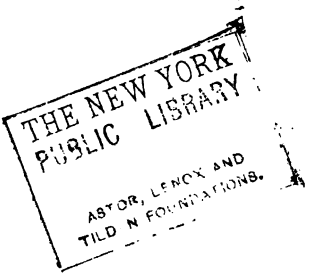
Margaret was so mortified that she refused to acknowledge her cousin as a relative, and was cruel enough to omit no opportunity of hinting at her mother's misconduct.

But this system could not last forever; God would not permit it; the cloud only concealed the sunshine. Margaret married a gay, glittering, fashionable, careless man, and in a very few years she found herself the mother of two children, deserted by her husband, and without the means of supporting either herself or them. This was indeed a change! Dummy remained with Mr. Lloyd until his death, and a little before that event occurred, she received an extraordinary addition to her fortune by the death of her father, of whom she had never heard until apprised by his executors of her wealth, which he had accumulated in a distant part of India. I forgot to mention that she married before her cousin; and it was a pleasant thing to see the stern harsh features of the venerable old gentleman relax into a child-like smile when Dummy's little Isabella would climb his knee, or, in its lisping voice, ask its ever-silent mamma "Why she did not talk?" I have written "ever-silent;" perhaps I should have writ-

ten "ever-eloquent," for her good works, her benevolence, her charities, spoke trumpet-tongued unto the world. Margaret and her cousin had long ceased to be even acquainted, until the misfortunes of the former! then Dummy nobly forgave the past, and wrote to her as follows:—

"We were friends in youth, dear Margaret; let us be so in age. My Isabella desires sisters; let me teach your little ones to be sisters to her. My husband is busied in state affairs, and I am lonely. Will you not come and live with me, so that I may be no longer solitary in this large house? You shall talk to me of your dear grandmother; and I—you know *I can listen.* Come, and be to me again a friend; the remembrance of our *very* early days will bring them back to us again. You will be, as indeed you ever were, my beloved Margaret —and I will be, what I was so long, and ever hope to be, your

'DEAR DUMMY!'"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ROSE

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ROSE.

Were you ever at Brookland, dear reader? If you were, I think you will agree with me, that there is no spot in all the country round, so lovely; sheltered as it is, on the north side, by hills crowned with trees, and their sides adorned with orchards of fruit trees, covered, as they are now, with blossoms of every hue, whose odors fill the valley;—while far away, on the south side, may be seen the tall spires of a lovely city, emerging, as it were, from the beautiful river which is quietly sleeping beneath it.

But it was not of the city, or the town, of which I was going to speak, but of a charming little girl,—the kind and gentle Rose, who is as blooming and fresh as the flower that bears her name. Now every body loves Rose, not so much for her bright

sparkling eyes and beautiful face, as for her kind and loving disposition. No one that ever looked upon her beaming countenance, or listened to her dovelike voice, could forget her,—if not made happier, and even better.

Rose had a little dog she called Tray, (which she thought came from a French word meaning *three*,) because of three coal-black spots he had, just between his ears. Tray loved Rose more than any thing in the world, and followed her wherever she went, and was as faithful a dog as ever served a little mistress. And she too, loved the dog, because he served her faithfully, and also because of the pleasing and grateful remembrances associated with him. True, he was pretty and very cunning, and could do many exceedingly wonderful things, and had such sportive ways, that Rose loved him for these too. But, as I said before, she valued him most for his kind services which he had rendered her many times. He once saved her dear

pet canary from the claws of old pussy-cat; and another time he plunged into the deepest part of the brook, and brought out her gold pencil, which she one day let fall by accident into it; and besides many other kind things which he did, he once saved the family from a serious fire, by his vigilance and timely warning; he was a good watch-dog as well as playmate.

Now the place where Rose lived was called Brookland because of a lovely stream of water which flowed into the valley, watering the flowers that grew near it, dancing, and singing sweet songs to all that had ears to hear, and eyes to gaze upon its frolicksome gambols, till it reached the basin, where, with a sudden splash and a whirl, it would sprinkle the flowers and green turf with sparkling drops, and then, with a quiet smile and gently murmuring song, scamper off, dancing and splashing over the smooth pebbles, till it was lost among the trees and shrubs that grew in the valley.

Now in the midst of this garden, and

just by the brook, there was an ancient tree, which, by its size and exceeding beauty, reminded one of the trees of Paradise. Its limbs, which were covered with leaves and blossoms, hung over the brook, and by a graceful waving to and fro in the breeze, gently fanned it, ruffling the surface into little dancing waves, which gave it the appearance of life, and which glittered in the sun like sparkling stones.

But, as I said, this tree was very large, and was looked upon by Rose as a sort of guardian spirit to the stream that watered her little Paradise. Here, beneath its shade, she, with her kind little companion, used to sit for hours musing, just as you now see her in the picture; sometimes she would talk to her little dog—but more to the birds and flowers, for these too were her companions, and gave her sweet delight. She looks almost sad—but she is not sad,—she is only serious, as all true lovers of nature are apt to be when alone; for it is then that the mind, even of children, soars upwards to the Di-

vine Creator, and desires to unite itself with Him. It is the spirit of God which flows through all created things, blessing and filling it with its own pure life.

No one disputed the goodness of Rose; every body said she was good as she was pretty; and every body loved her, which is not always the case, when children are good, or seem to be; perhaps the reason is that they are not *really* as good as they *seem*, for even little children are sometimes inclined to put on an external appearance of goodness, which is not truly their own.

Have you not seen some of your associates, very kind, polite, and generous to strangers, or to those who are in the habit of flattering them, but very unkind and selfish with their brothers and sisters, or their intimate friends? now this is not real goodness, but only the appearance of it; it is a kind of deception, which makes people hypocritical, when they grow to be men and women; and unless they put it away, and are willing to receive the love of real goodness and

truth, it will cause much suffering in after life. Every one is apt to think himself good, if he can appear so to others; and so it is with those who are always flattered; they think they must be good, because every body tells them so, and seems to love them; they do not look into their hearts at all, and of course they cannot see their faults. Children should begin very young to shun all evils as sins against the *Lord*, and among the most wicked things to be shunned, are hypocrisy and selfishness. Our Savior in his sermon on the mount, said: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" now these pure in heart, must refer to those who have put away evil feelings and thoughts.

Our Lord says again, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." This is very plain language, and all those who read this book, will understand who are meant by *peace-makers*.

Cultivate a *true* love for your compan-

ions, wherever they are, and always try to do them good. If they are disposed to be quarrelsome and selfish, it is your duty not to abandon them, but to try every means in your power to help them overcome their evil passions, and in this way you will improve yourself in a wonderful manner.

But to return to my sweet and gentle Rose, who is I conceive, a good example of what all children should try to be, because she is not one of those selfish little girls, who think only of their own happiness and comfort;—she tries to do all the kind things she can to make others happy about her, and she does not do this, for the sake of showing herself in the best light, to make people think she is good. She does not put on a cold and formal manner, which is sometimes seen in those who make their external life conform to what has been often taught as law, and gospel, while the internal mind and heart, has been entirely neglected, or allowed to grow in its own selfishness. We all may learn very

soon, that few, if any, arrive at perfection in this world; and every one must see, if they look into their own heart, that evil is mixed with all their good, and without *divine help*, we can do nothing; this should make us humble and forgiving to others. It was thus our little Rose became.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

BY MISS COLMAN.

"Come sister Kate, I tell you true,
I saw them fly away;
I'm sure I know the very place;
I found it yesterday.

For as I walked with softest steps,
And with the gentlest care,
Afraid lest I should crush the flowers
That grew so thickly there;

I heard a bird begin to trill
A joyous morning song,
And thinking if I kept quite still,
He would his lay prolong,

I listened almost breathlessly,
And turned my head to look;
And there upon the branch he stood,
Which stretches o'er the brook.

And oh, I wish dear sister Kate,
That I to you could tell,
How very bright the sun did shine,
How sweet the flowers did smell.

And how the young grass gently waved,
Beneath the fresh green trees,
That humbly bowed their stately heads,
To the hymn of the morning breeze.

And how the sunny, gladsome brook,
Rippling so blithely along,
Sounded to me like the echo sweet,
Of the flowers' whispered song.

But now let us go, with gentle steps,
And peep at the little birds,
And we will not speak, lest they should fear,
E'en our most loving words.

I'll point out the nest with this ivy branch,
That they need not see my hand,
And then we shall not frighten them,
So very still we'll stand."

THE CHILDREN'S SPRING.

ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN.

Not far from the house of Henry's and Adelaide's father, there was a charming place, where they often went to amuse themselves. Lovely pine trees and acacias stretched their boughs over the entrance of the grove, near which stood an ancient vaulted building, composed of large stones, overgrown with moss and ferns. Here the children played from time immemorial, and always longed to know what was within this place. The entrance was secured by a heavy iron door, and there was only two rather small round apertures, instead of windows. If any one ventured to look in through one of these holes, nothing but deep darkness met the eye, and all was silent there, except the dropping of the spring, as it trickled over the rocks.

The country people used to say, there were many children living down beneath the vault; but none of them had ever seen one of the number. If, however, any one cried through the holes or apertures, "Henry!" they were answered immediately in the same tone, "Henry!" or, "Louisa!" the name of "Louisa" was heard in return.

"What *can* be in this strange old place?" said Adelaide one day, as she stretched her little head through one of the holes. "Are any children there?" cried she. "Any children there?" was the answer. And thus she carried on her sport at the spring for a long time, first asking one question, and then another; the echo repeating the sound of her voice.

Henry, meantime, had gone forward to the place where he knew that bilberries grew in abundance; and went on further and further, till at last he laid himself down under a great oak tree. He had run a great way with his play-fellows, and made

himself hot and tired; and the place was so cool, that he stretched himself out upon the grass, and fell asleep. He dreamed that he had lost his sister Adelaide, and had sought her far and near. He thought, in his dream, that he met a woman dressed in strange, old-fashioned garments, who said to him, "Do you seek your sister? Behold that star:—go in that direction, and you will find her." He was running hastily towards the star, and had seen something white at a distance, when a woodpecker, hacking with his beak at the old oak tree, awoke him with his noise, in the midst of his dream.

He had been asleep a long time in the cool shade; but when he awoke he was refreshed, and sprang up quickly, and ran as fast as he could to the vault; but Adelaide was not there. Then he called her, but she did not answer him; he sought her right and left, but she was nowhere to be found. Where might he seek her, for she was not there—nor there!

Then Henry, overcome with the heat of the sun, sat himself down and leaned his head against a tree to rest. He soon fell again into a profound sleep; and again he dreamed that the kind little woman came to him, and said, "Do you see that star? —follow that; it will lead you to the Christians' strong hold;—there will you find your sister."

Then Henry followed the star, which immediately grew brighter and brighter, till it came and stood over the vaulted building. There stood Adelaide, her face radiant with a new light, and her dress shining like the stars. "Where have you been, my sister?" said Henry, "and where did you get that beautiful garment, and the charming little casket you hold in your hand?"

Then Adelaide told him all that had befallen her since they parted;—how that she, after he left her, was curious to know what was within the vault, and had leaned so far through the aperture that she lost her

balance, so that she could not recover herself, and so fell in, and for some time was quite stunned by the blow which she got on her head in the fall; but when she came to herself, she was lying on the floor of a great wide hall, which was covered with carpets of various colors; and though there were no windows, yet this hall was lighter than the brightest day; for, in the high arched roof, and on the walls, there were innumerable bright lights, and sparkling stones of all shapes and colors, some white and transparent, others blue, green, and red. Beautiful flowers grew here and there, in every niche and corner of the walls; plants, with magnificent foliage, crept up the pillars which supported the ceiling, forming wreaths and festoons.

In wonder and astonishment, Adelaide contemplated the scene before her, and knew not which way to turn, when a beautiful woman and two lovely children in shining garments stood before her. For a little space, Adelaide was troubled, and

looking down upon her mean apparel, which was torn and soiled, was unable to raise her eyes, or utter a single word to the lovely beings who had so suddenly presented themselves before her.

"Thou hast been rather too curious, my child," said the lady, in a soft, sweet voice; "too great curiosity never goes unpunished; but come with me, and I will find you a more befitting dress, and a bandage for your wound which I perceive on your arm." Adelaide saw now for the first time, that her arm bled and her clothes were wet. The lady conducted her to a charming little apartment, where she gave her some nice dry clothes, and bound up her arm with a red ribbon.

Now Adelaide was so surprised at what had happened to her, that she could not trust herself to speak, to enquire where she was. But the lady said after she was dressed—"Take courage, dear child, nothing worse shall happen to you;—come with me: I will show you some companions

who will please you." Then she opened the door of another hall, as large as the first, which was apparently lighted by bright shining stones, like dazzling stars. Many little children were playing in this hall. Boys rode on wooden horses, or shot at a mark, or performed various feats of strength. Little girls had great dolls, which looked like real people, and could go from one end of the hall to the other. These dolls had their tiny houses, with rooms, furnished with chairs, tables, curtains, sofas, &c. Birds with long tails, of the most delicate plumage, flew from branch to branch, and flower to flower; beautiful butterflies flitted about the flowers, and little antelopes skipped up and down the wide hall, inquisitively popping their heads into the windows of the baby-houses, or fondly licking the hands of the children.

The two little children that Adelaide saw first, invited her to play with them; she joined them timidly, but soon become quite at home with them, and played very happi-

ly with them for some time. She learned many new plays; and more than that, she learned to know and love real benevolence and true christian charity—for all here in this house lived in love one to the other. No one took pleasure in selfishness, but all acted in perfect union, each seeking the others' happiness, and in that way they were all made happy. "What a heaven this would be, if every household and family could be ruled by this law of love; it would be felt every where, and our earth would soon become a Paradise."

At length Adelaide recollected her parents, and she thought it likely, that they would be very unhappy during her absence, and her brother Henry would be seeking her in vain; then she felt a desire to leave this beautiful place, for she felt too that she was not good enough to remain with them always, for she felt she had many selfish desires and troublesome thoughts remaining in her heart, which would soon disturb these pure beings, and as she looked

sad, the lady observing it said to her, "Do you wish to go home, my child?" Adelaide repled, "Yes." Then the lady rejoined, "I will show you the way, but you must first choose something to take with you as a remembrance of me!" Adelaide thanked her, and looked round the vast apartment with all its precious things, unable to make any request or to open her mouth. At length her eyes fell on some sparkling mountain crystals, with which the children had been playing; she took up one of them, and was gazing upon it with admiring eyes. Then the lady said, "You are modest, my child, I will give you something better;" and placed in her hands a small casket, beautifully cut out of green stone, in the form of acanthus leaves. Adelaide thanked her kindly, and after bidding her little companions farewell, followed the lady, who led her to a door which opened into a long narrow passage; this passage was lighted by various little stars, and was followed by another longer, and not so

light, for it was only lighted by one star, which shone at the farthest end. "I can go no farther," said the lady, "but follow that star; it will guide you through this gloomy, narrow way, to the point you desire."

Adelaide made all the haste she could, and soon reached the opening. There she saw the evening star bright in the west, but could not tell where she was. She looked round in the dim uncertain twilight, and started with terror at hearing a noise in the bushes; it was her brother Henry, who came with hasty steps, and cried out, "Ah! are you my sister, or are you not?" and he began to weep; but when she assured him that it was indeed Adelaide who stood before him, he went on to say, "How long I have been seeking you! where can you have been? where did you get that beautiful dress, shining like a star? and what have you got in your hand?" "Show me the way home, Henry dear," said Adelaide, "and I will tell you all about it."

At these words Henry awoke, and be-

hold, his sister was by his side. She too, had been seeking him, all over hill and valley, and in every nook and glen; and now they both found themselves near the borders of the forest, but they soon reached the path which led to the open fields, and to their father's house. But the sun had gone down, and the little stars were beginning to appear, one after another, when they reached their door; and there, to the astonishment of all, Henry related all he saw and heard in his wonderful dream.

Next day the children were curious to see what was within this most singular structure; and, on removing the large stone which closed the entrance, behold, there was a deep spring of water, and beyond that, all was dark; but there was an echo which would repeat their words several times. There is little doubt that this vault had been the dwelling of some good Christians in past ages, when they were obliged for the sake of their religion, to seek shelter in caves and dungeons.

LINES

ON THE LATE CONCERT BY THE BLIND.

Sweet were the tones that fell
  On the wrapt ear;
Gentle their rise and swell,
  Joyous and clear.

Voices of children filled
  High the arched dome;
Singing of Heaven willed
  Comforts of home.

Chanting of pleasant things,
  Flowers and bees,
Birds on their golden wings,
  Fountains and trees.

Lauding their native land,
Grateful and gay;
Who were this merry band?
Answer, I pray.

Children of sable night,
Witless of day,
Reft of the sunny light,
To blindness a prey.

Long were the weary hours,
Grief and despair
Crushing their vital powers,
Laden with care.

Childhood, its buoyant flight,
Filled with dismay,
Ever a flood of light,
Not e'en a ray.

Childhood, in trammels bound,
Darkness and sorrow
Filling the air around,
No hope the morrow.

Sudden a guide is seen
For the dull gloom,
Breaking the outer screen
Of infancy's tomb.

Leading to fairest lands,
Innocence, youth,
Teaching these lonely bands
Wisdom and truth.

Showing benighted hearts
Nature's gay day,
Chanting in tuneful parts
Gratitude's lay.

Bringing to smiling plains
And living waters,
Rich in melodious strains,
These sons and daughters.

Crowns on the Hero's head,
Laurel twined fall,
Where'er *Howe's* footsteps tread,
Wild flowers all.

LISETTE:

OR

FAIRY FAVORS.

Ithocles. This little spark—
Calantha. A toy!
Ithocles. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child.

JOHN FORD.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HOW LISETTE LIVED IN THE VALLEY OF FLORAINE.

WERE the Guide-books wrong when they said that in all the country round there was not a spot so pretty as Floraine? or of all the travellers that journeyed thither to verify its fame, was every one bewitched? One of these two things must have been the case; for no one that ever returned was able to say one word in praise of the village or its valley.

The Guide-books certainly were right;

they gave even a classified catalogue of the beauties of the neighborhood; but then the chief beauty was omitted,—there was no mention of Lisette, and nobody went to Floraine without seeing Lisette; and with Lisette to look at, who could have time to waste over the valley? And so the travellers came back, and could not tell whether Floraine was a desert or a garden, though they were quite sure it must be a paradise, or else it could not hold a Lisette.

They call her Lisette, but the very old men of the village positively declared that her proper baptismal name had been Elizabeth. Not that it at all required an old man to remember when Lisette had been baptised; only no one but a very old man would have thought of remembering anything that could change the merry and kind Lisette into a prim and stately Elizabeth.

Well, but Floraine—this paradise. Yes, the travellers thought right,—a paradise it was. The very philosophers called it a

kingdom of flowers, although they knew no more of flowers than that one might be gamosepalous, another polypetalous; but a kingdom of flowers it must be, for its name was derived from Latin words to that effect, and had it been another Zahara, the classical authority would have clothed it, in their eyes, with everlasting verdure. The ignorant villagers shewed their imperfect education (men were less enlightened in those days) by calling it a queendom. Flowers filled the valley, of every hue and odor; scattered by the mountain side, crowding round the brook, and Lisette was their queen, the fairest of them all. And well did the queen love her subjects, and fondly did her light heart beat when she surveyed her beauteous empire. Seldom was she happier than when roaming among flowers. Pretty Lisette! Never was she prettier than with flowers in her hair, her nut-brown hair, that Nature—that best of all hair-dressers, careless as she is—had curled so prettily, and tossed so negligently

behind her neck and over her white shoulders. Lisette's eyes, what color were they? Never any youth tried to discover—and many did try—that had not his heart to pay as a penalty for his curiosity. Nobody ever knew exactly the color of Lisette's eyes. They were not black—people thought they were dark—but they were so sparkling and full of meaning that they invariably set people thinking of something else when they intended to satisfy themselves as to color. Nobody at all classical could look at her lips without feeling the force of the assertion that from such lips the shape of Cupid's bow was modelled; and then what arrows did she shoot from them! Every word went to the hearer's heart. And her face,—nobody that had ever heard of Lavater could feel that she was otherwise than as good as she was pretty; but the villagers, who knew nothing of Cupid or Lavater, contented themselves with believing that she was a sort of wonder upon earth, and that, as all her thoughts

and actions were as beautiful as herself, they ought to be proud of her, and love her; and so all the inhabitants of Floraine were very, very proud of Lisette, and all, especially the young men, loved her heartily.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

HOW LISETTE SAT BESIDE THE BROOK, AND WHAT BEFELL HER THERE.

Now there was a little brook that danced, and bubbled, and sparkled through the valley of Floraine; and Lisette loved the brook because it loved her flowers, and watered them, and would sprinkle them with little diamonds to punish them if they came too near its edge. And Lisette used to sit beside the brook, and watch its sporting, and listen to its babble; and then the birds would sing around her, and she would wonder what the brook and the birds were talking about together.

Now, one day, as she sat thus listening, and the birds were silent because a cloud was coming over the sun, she thought the brook addressed its talk to her; and she smiled to think herself so silly, and her smile was like the sunbeam, only the beam was about to be blotted by a dark cloud; but so had Lisette's smiles never been, and there seemed no reason why they should be now. Yet, though she laughed at herself, she listened to the brook, and it seemed to say to her, "Lisette! Lisette! follow me, Lisette! Lisette! Lisette! follow me!"

Lisette listened so long that she forgot it was silly to do so, and laughed then at the brook instead of at herself; and while it still called to her, "Lisette! Lisette!" she still laughed at it, and let it dance away, and did not follow.

Presently there came a little angry breeze that the cloud brought with it, or that the brook called in as an ally, and shook Lisette's white dress, and a rose fell out of her bosom into the brook; then the brook

danced on, laughing in its turn, and bearing the rose onward in its course.

Now, had it been simply a rose, Lisette would have let the tiresome brook dance away with it, rather than follow and give up her point; but then that rose Silvan had given to her, and she had worn it in her bosom, and she would wish Silvan, when she passed his cottage that evening to see where she had kept it, and—

"Lisette! Lisette! now you follow me!" seemed the brook to say as, half angry, half laughing, the mischievous breeze still fluttering over her dress and her brown hair, she hurried to recover Silvan's rose.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

HOW LISETTE FOLLOWED IN PURSUIT OF SILVAN'S ROSE.

The brook seemed to laugh so heartily, that Lisette began to scold; and then the brook seemed sorry for what it had done,

and its waters would stop with the rose behind a stone; but when Lisette put out her hand to regain the flower, away it would dance, and the brook laughed more noisily than ever. Thus with her loose dress and hair still floating on the breeze, the rose always within her reach, but always contriving to elude her grasp, Lisette followed until Floraine was left behind her. The country now around seemed desert, but Lisette saw that there was, at any rate, one flower in it, the only one she thought of, and that still danced on before.

"Lisette! Lisette! you follow me now, Lisette!" laughed the brook, and it laughed soon more loudly than ever, for it wandered among rocks.

Lisette was tired, and the dark cloud was spreading more widely over the blue sky, and the mischievous breeze was now swelling into a storm wind; but how could Lisette turn back, when each step, perhaps, would put Silvan's rose in her possession? And so she was enticed onwards still.

Soon the brook passed within a narrow cleft of rock, where there was no room for footpath by its side. But then the stream was here so very smooth, and the rose floated along so slowly, and the water was so shallow, that Lisette felt certain she should now succeed at last, if she would only wet her feet. She did not hesitate to enter the narrow cleft, and was within an inch of accomplishing her hopes, when the breeze, which had now grown into a violent hurricane, forced itself into the pass, and swept the flower onward in its course.

Lisette gave up her endeavors in despair, and turned to go back, but the wind rushed with such violence into the narrow cleft, that she had not strength to face it; then Lisette was obliged to hasten on through the shallow stream until she should come to the other side of the pass, and be sheltered from the fury of the storm.

Suddenly she stood once more on open ground, and it seemed as though the dark

cloud had melted from the sun, which shone around her with a splendor she had never seen before; a tender zephyr only sighed through the fissure in the rock, the brook stole noiselessly along; and she stood in a valley more beautiful by far even than her own Floraine.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

HOW LISETTE GAINED SOMETHING BY FOLLOWING THE BROOK.

LISETTE was so astonished, that, for the moment, she even forgot her rose. Every body had told her there was no other such valley as Floraine, and she had fully believed it; but here, dearly as she loved her own valley, she was obliged to confess the flowers were fairer, the air more perfumed by their sweet odors, and the charmed eye more dazzled by their beauty. The emerald turf even was softer; the trees, so graceful

in their outline and in their grouping, were such as she had never seen before. Fruits, whose names she had never learned, and more delicious to the eye than nectarines or peaches, hung on the green boughs that bent beneath their weight. Birds sang such heavenly melodies, as before had existed in her own bright fancy only; and as they flew from branch to branch, their glorious plumage glittered in the sun; and the brook seemed now like glass,—at one time swelling into tiny lakes, and rising in tall fountain columns until it broke into a thousand rainbows,—then winding through the enamelled turf, falling in cascades from one terrace to another.

While Lisette was gazing she heard some one cough, and looking round discovered a little old woman at her elbow. She knew then for certain that she was upon fairy ground, and that a fairy was before her, for she was quite aware of the peculiar sympathy which fairies are acknowledged to possess.

Lisette had never done any thing wrong, and so, her conscience being clear, felt perfectly at ease with the old lady. She could not, however, help expressing her admiration of the garden, and the old woman told her it was the garden of love. Lisette wondered that such an ugly genius should preside over it, but doubted not she was a good security against invasion; for who, thought she, would enter into a garden of love, that belonged to so ugly an individual? The fairy, probably, did not guess her thoughts, for she continued in the best of temper:—

"Every one of these flowers," said she, "is a love. For every new attachment that is formed on earth, another flower springs up; and with every love that dies, a flower fades."

"No wonder, then, that the perfume is so sweet," replied Lisette.

"I have no power over them," said the old woman; "we fairies made the garden for our own delight, and as we cannot kill

the love, so neither can we kill a flower; if we pluck its blossom it is formed again."

"Ah!" said Lisette, "that was a beautiful thought to plant a garden on!"

"Not entirely," replied the fairy; "as the event has shewn; for we mourn more over the buds that are blighted, than we rejoice over the flowers that bloom. And yet we let the garden stay, for it is pleasant to see how much there is that is beautiful on earth. But come now, daughter! I wished to bring you hither for a better purpose than to talk. The fairies all love you because you nurse their flowers kindly, and they will bestow their highest favors on you. See, I know all these blossoms, and every flower that tells a love which blooms for you, will I pluck and form into a nosegay. So long as he each flower represents is faithful, so long the flower will bloom; even though severed from its stem, it fades but with his love."

"Aha!" said Lisette, "then point me out Silvan here!"

The fairy touched a beautiful white rose, and was about to pluck it.

"Pluck it not! Pluck it not!" cried Lisette in alarm.

"It will be formed again, my child."

"Nay," said Lisette, "but I will not have it plucked; let me have rather the sweet rose that Silvan gave to me: his touch, his words, his blush when he gave it, have clothed it with a greater charm than all your fairy power can bestow on this!"

"See you not," said the old woman, "that the brook has laid it at your feet?"

Lisette picked it up, and kissing it fondly, placed it in her bosom.

"Stay," said the fairy, "let me infuse then into this rose the magic quality."

"What! will you make Silvan's rose to last forever?"

"So long," smiled the fairy, "as his love may last."

"Ay, then, forever," cried Lisette; "yes, yes,—that do, sweet fairy; I will tell you now, he confessed his passion when he gave

it me this morning.—O that I could wear the precious flower forever in my bosom!"

The fairy breathed upon Silvan's rose, and returned it to Lisette, who restored it to its place in ecstasy.

Then the fairy busied herself in plucking the other flowers that had blossomed for Lisette;—Lisette thought she would never have done, so many hearts did she possess; and as the old woman brought to her a nosegay that both hands could scarcely encompass,—"Ah!" said she, "never was a maiden yet that filled my garden with so many flowers as you have done, Lisette!"

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

HOW LISETTE RETURNED TO FLORAINE AND WAS HAPPY.

Lisette could not miss her way back, for the course of the brook that she had followed was her guide. The storm had

passed over, and the ground was yet wet with the rain that had fallen; and when Lisette had passed over the desert part of the way, she found the sun glistening so brightly in the rain-drops on the trees, and the perfume of the flowers was so fresh, all nature so sweet and so lively, that the birds sang again, and the brook seemed to be talking to them as usual, and not to her, as it had done so lately.

Now that Lisette returned at leisure, she was surprised to find what a long way she had followed to recover Silvan's rose; but then she had recovered it, and she pressed it fondly against her bosom without fear that she should destroy its beauty, for she knew now that she could not kill the rose by pressing it to her bosom, any more than, by doing the same thing to Silvan, she could kill his love.

Then again she wished that, after all, it were but a simple rose, and that the fairy had not breathed on it; for she had often heard of the treachery of fairy gold that

changes to pebbles in the morning, and had been taught that fairy favors, however kindly given, never thrived with the possessor; or, that *no good can come to any one who trusts rather to the possession of unusual gifts than to the proper direction of his own natural means of action and observation.** But then, thought Lisette, very likely this is true; but what are all the proverbs and maxims in the world compared with the possession of Silvan's love, and the being able to keep for ever and ever the rose that Silvan gave me when he told it? So Lisette was happy again, and by the time she returned to Floraine, late in the evening, had dismissed all thought of the danger of possessing fairy favors.

Lisette no sooner entered the valley than she began to wonder whether she should

* This is written more precisely and printed in italics, because it is the moral; and it is right that the author's originality should be put prominently forward when he contrives that it should be held suspended in the tale itself.

see Silvan, and no sooner began to wonder than she saw him joyously hastening towards her. He thought she had been lost, since she had left Floraine and did not return until so late; and Lisette laughed within herself, and rejoiced that she had persevered in following the brook, when she saw the blush of delight with which he remarked the flower in her bosom.

"But where did you gather these, my pretty Lisette?" exclaimed he, pointing to the nosegay; "I know no such sweet flowers in Floraine."

"A stranger gave them to me," said Lisette, for she dared not tell where she had been, nor what had happened to her, since she knew that to be a certain way of incurring the displeasure of the fairies.

Lisette walked with Silvan to the village, and thought she never was so happy,—excepting when she walked with him that morning, and he gave her the rose she now wore.

"Ah! Lisette!" said Silvan, "how I

envy, how I love that rose! Pity that flowers, even though love has hallowed them, fade in the keeping!"

"Perhaps," said Lisette, smiling happily, "perhaps our love may be such that its tokens cannot fade. Who can tell?"

Silvan laughed. "We will try," said Lisette; "look Silvan,—hereby I wish this rose may last forever, and in that case promise that my love lasts with it. If the rose fade"—

"What then, Lisette?"

"It cannot fade."

"Pretty charmer," said Silvan, laughing, "we will see by this true and lasting token, how faithful a lover thou canst be."

Lisette gloried in her little deceit, for she thought it would make Silvan very happy; and yet it was not a deceit, for, after all, what did she more than say that her love should last as long as Silvan's?

And the rose bloomed day by day, and Lisette wore it in her bosom, and knew that Silvan remained true,—which, without

the flower, she never would have doubted; and Silvan imagined that, as Lisette had tended all the flowers so well, their spirits loved her, and were obedient to her, and had heard her wish in order to fulfil it.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

HOW A CERTAIN CORRIN WAS A THIEF.

Now among the other lovers of Lisette, or, in other words, among all the young men in Floraine, there was a certain Corrin, who, next to Silvan, loved Lisette most heartily.

Silvan and Corrin were very opposite from each other in appearance. Silvan was a young man with black hair, dark complexion, and flashing eyes. Corrin's hair was auburn, his face delicate, and pale with pining for Lisette; his blue eyes full of love and tears whenever Lisette's name

was mentioned. Corrin saw that Lisette loved Silvan better than himself, although to Corrin, from pity, she was very kind; but he did not torment her with his fruitless love, lest he should give her pain; neither did he hate Silvan, (for how could he hate what Lisette loved?) and so kind-hearted Corrin wasted his life away, sighing in secret. When Lisette was in the valley he would watch her from afar, and then, waiting till she came home, he would go and wander where her steps had been, and look at the flowers she had tended, wishing the while that he had pleased Lisette as well as Silvan.

One day, as Corrin wandered sighing by the brook, he came suddenly upon Lisette, asleep upon a grassy bank. His heart filled as he could now gaze unobserved upon her beauties; and as she smiled in sleep, he thought her dreams were of Silvan, and sighed heavily.

Then he observed a rose upon her bosom; he knew that there she generally wore one,

but no one that looked at Lisette marked her mere ornaments sufficiently to discover that it was always the same flower. Corrin gazed upon the rose and thought, if he stole it from her bosom, what a treasure he should then possess,—how little she would lose! When it withered still he would preserve the leaves, once hallowed by the favor of Lisette; and what a consolation it would be to have so dear a token! He looked at his own flowers,—there was a rose among them exactly like Lisette's; he would exchange; Lisette would be no loser, and himself would gain, oh! how inexpressible a treasure!

So Corrin stooped down and took from Lisette's bosom Silvan's rose, and put his own rose in its place. And he started as he did so, for he thought he heard a sigh, but it was only the breeze as it passed them.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

HOW THE STORY ENDS.

When Silvan next saw Lisette, he thought the rose did not look so fresh as it hitherto had done, but the difference was very slight; so slight even, that Lisette had not noticed it. Silvan said nothing, but the fancy was sufficient to throw a gloom over his spirits; for Lisette had often smilingly told him that she would be faithless when the rose should fade; for she loved Silvan with so true a love, that she believed she herself would be false as soon as he.

Lisette noticed Silvan's gloom, and tried in vain to discover what might be the cause; but the next time they met, Silvan saw for certain that the rose was fading; and then he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her passionately, and looking fondly at her through his fast falling tears, he turned away and fled.

Lisette looked after him sadly; but she thought he would soon return to her, and she wondered much what had so moved him. Then she looked down at her rose, and poor Lisette trembled, and her face became pale; for she saw that the rose was gone, for Silvan's last embrace had shaken all its petals off, and the breeze was carrying them away.

She took up one that fluttered at her feet, and saw it had faded! Oh, how suddenly, from that hour, fled the bloom from Lisette's once playful lips! how quickly forever was the blush of pleasure fled! how soon, how very soon, were care and misery lined forth on her once joyous brow! Silvan returned no more. "He was false," thought Lisette;—she did not wish him to return. Poor Lisette! how drooped the flowers of Floraine, when thou camest no more to tend them! how sadly, sadly, murmured now the brook! and the birds—when they missed thy song, that carolled once with

theirs, in what plaintive lays did they reproach their absence!

One day, the villagers found, upon a grassy mound whereon Lisette and Silvan many a time had sported, the body of a young man, with love and anguish traced even in death upon his face. They scarcely credited it, so few were the lines which betrayed that it was Silvan's. They buried him beneath that mound, but did not tell Lisette, for they hoped that yet she might recover, and did not wish her young heart to be broken. And to that mound Lisette too would repair, to the once favored spot, ignorant that faithful, broken-hearted Silvan was beneath. There she would think of Silvan, wishing that she could cease to love him, while the tears coursed down her sunken cheeks, and her hair fluttered neglected in the breeze. Alas! there were no flowers in it now! —there was no rose now in her bosom!

And Corrin, who little knew that all this wretchedness was caused by him, mourned

for Lisette; but as he found the rose he had stolen had never faded, he thought a good spirit had intended to reward his faithful love. He believed that the very truth and fervor of his love kept the sweet flower from fading. With length of time, the bitterness of Lisette's sorrow was appeased; and as she saw that every flower in the fairy's nosegay blossomed still, and knew how many hearts loved her, she thought she was wrong to breathe so many sighs for one that had been false. Then she would let Corrin speak with her, but he never spoke of love, lest her wound should bleed afresh.

One day he stood beside her on the mound where Silvan's body lay, and thought she seemed so calm and peaceful that he might venture to tell her his love. He thought to tell her how the rose he preserved had never faded, and told her of the theft his love had tempted him to commit. Lisette heard no more. The dreadful truth entered as lightning into her

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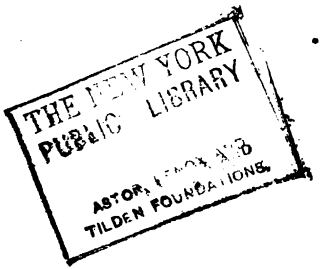
soul; and when Corrin had ended his tale, and grasped Lisette's hand, he saw that it was of a deathly whiteness;—he pressed it and it was cold—cold and passive. He put her hair aside, and timidly gazed into her face; her eyes were open, but the fire had left them. Oh! it was therein lay the fearful change! rest seemed half veiling an expression of intensest agony.—Floraine must mourn!—the sweet Lisette was dead!

They buried her, the once gay Lisette, under the mound, by Silvan; and the unhappy Corrin, who had smiled his last, restored the rose to her in death, and placed it on her bosom; and in the grave it faded not, for still the love that called it forth was blossoming—in Heaven.

NOVALIS.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THE SPOILED CHILD.

Printed by Butler & Lowy.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

BY MISS COLMAN.

So that's my lady's prodigy,
Lord Henry's hopeful heir;
Prodigious is his voice indeed,
I'll own such strength is rare.

Mamma need fear no swift decline,
His lungs are strong and sound;
My patience! see his hands and feet!
He'll do some damage, I'll be bound.

And sure enough! do hear the glass;
And see! the rich wine's spilled;
Why, one would think that such a sight,
His roaring might have stilled.

But no; mamma's pearl coronet,
He's screaming for with rage,
For she has said, "No, no, my dear; be still
My darling Henry Page."

Papa's gold watch, and splendid seals,
Will soon be smashed I fear,
And dread of that uplifted fork,
Is in the eyes of yonder peer.

* * * * * * * *

Thank goodness! he is gone at last,
We've borne him long enough;
There's old Sir Peter Testy, who I'm sure,
Would soon have risen in a huff.

Lord Silver too, who though he smiles,
So far from being amused,
I know he's thinking in his heart,
His friendship is abused.

I'm sure, dear Lady Jane, we both
Most truthfully can say,
This child's a prodigy (of ugliness,)
From what we've seen to-day.

LINA.

STORY ABOUT A LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS TURNED INTO A CUCKOO.

ALTERED FROM THE GERMAN.

In a valley inhabited by a few shepherds and their families, once lived a young girl, named Lina, whose delight it was to make fun of other children, and even to deceive grown-up people. She would often hide a lamb or a kid, to enjoy seeing its owner's trouble in seeking it; but she had even greater pleasure, when the children were scolded or punished by their parents for inattention to the flock.

Lina became so accustomed to these tricks, that she could never meet a child without teasing it in one way or another. She would tell one, that his mother had been calling him, and then laugh heartily behind his back, when she saw him running home as fast as he could. To another she

would offer a pretty bunch of flowers, in which a thorn was hidden; and which, when smelled at, was sure to prick the nose. If a traveller, coming through the valley, ignorant of the way, had the misfortune to meet Lina, and ask her to show him the road, she was sure to point out a wrong path, which would lead either to a swamp or an untrodden thicket, where he could with difficulty make his way through thorns and bramble-bushes; but at the same time, her manner would appear so artless, and she would so earnestly assure the traveller, that she had just come that road herself, and that it was both the nearest and the pleasantest, that he could not help believing her, until too late convinced of her roguery.

Lina grew worse and worse in her behavior. Her mother had broken her leg by a fall, and had to hobble about slowly, and with great pain, by the help of a stick. What good daughter would not have pitied and assisted her mother, all that she could? But Lina did not do so. On the contrary,

she would not answer when called; and, if her mother came to seek her, she would run away to a distance, and cry out in mockery, "Catch me, if you can." Nevertheless, the mother had a foolish tenderness for Lina, did not like to hear of her faults, and tried to excuse them. She did not punish her for her disobedience and wickedness; and, if any one complained of Lina's bad behavior or malicious pranks, she would answer, "What can you expect from a child? These are only childish frolics."

A good old neighbor, Meta, admonished her without effect; telling her that she was bringing up her daughter to be a plague to everybody, but most of all to herself; and that sooner or later, unhappiness and misery must follow all who neglect to instruct their children in the fear of the Lord, and in their duty to man.

One May day, as Lina was going over the meadow, she met little Seppi, and asked him if he would go with her to gather May

flowers. "Oh! yes," the boy replied, "I wish to make a wreath to give to my sister to-morrow; for it will be her birth-day." "Come then," said Lina; and away they went together into the wood. The bushes, the hazel copses, the birch and the beech trees, were already in green leaf, and the oaks putting forth their first little red leaves; and, in every open space, the May flowers were blowing in abundance.

After gathering large bunches, and going a long way in the forest, far from any path, Seppi became uneasy, and asked Lina if she was not ready to go home again, and begged her to take him back, as he could not find the way alone.

"Oh! yes, Seppi," said she; "but just let us gather a few more flowers! You go on that side, and I will take this." As she spoke, she stooped to the ground, to hide the cunning smile which passed over her face. Seppi stooped to pluck some more flowers; but, when he looked up to speak to Lina, she was not there.

"Lina! Lina!" he cried. Lina did not answer. "Where are you, Lina?"

Then Lina cried from a distant bush, "Here I am: peep! peep!" She did not wait until Seppi came, but ran quickly away; and, when the little boy arrived at the bush from whence he had heard her call, she was not there. Almost choked with grief and terror, again he cried, "O Lina! do not leave me: tell me where you are."—"Peep!" again was the reply.

In this way, Lina led the poor child on, now this way, now that; always eluding his search, and crying to him, "Now, Seppi, peep! look this way." Seppi sought here, and sought there, all to no purpose; the wicked girl still mocking him, till he at last fell down amongst some rough sticks and briers, which wounded his face and hands sadly. But Lina continued to cry, "Peep! peep!" as her poor little companion lay sobbing on the ground, unable to follow her any longer.

As Lina was hiding in a very thick bush,

the green boughs parted, and a stranger youth stood before her, looking at her with earnest eyes. His hair was bright and waving, his garment light blue; and he held a beautiful full-blown white lily in his hand. Lina stared in great surprise. "Lina," said he, "dost thou play at hide-and-seek?"

Lina nodded her head in reply.

"Well, Lina, I will help thy game." So saying, he touching Lina's head with his lily, and she immediately became a bird with bluish-brown feathers, which flew up in the air, and disappeared amongst the foliage of the nearest tree, crying,— "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

The stranger youth led little Seppi safely through the wood, and helped him to carry the May flowers. When they reached the meadow, he vanished like a light cloud in the air. Lina remained a bird all through the spring, crying "Cuckoo!" and hiding herself, so that no eyes could see her; and, for a living, she was forced to pick up little

insects, and such berries as she could find. She did not lose her soul, or spirit; and after several weeks, she began to reflect seriously upon her situation, and was enabled to perceive that this very severe punishment and loss of all her dear friends, was caused by her wicked behavior, in deceiving and vexing them and her playmates. These reflections were followed by sincere penitence, and full resolutions to do so no more. She was enabled to lift up her heart in prayer to Him who knoweth the thoughts of all, and without whose notice "not a sparrow falleth to the ground." *Then* came the time for her release, and change back to her own form again. Her parents received her gladly, and, with all their neighbors, rejoiced that "she who was lost was found again." She ever remembered the voice of the cuckoo, and was thankful, always trying to be kind to all, and thus became happy.

THE IMMORTAL FOUNTAIN.

"I have used similitudes."

Musing one day upon the state of things as they were in the Golden Age, especially respecting the mode of instruction then, when there were no writings, but instead, man was instructed in what was true by an opening of his spiritual sight, and thus frequently admitted into connection with angels, who taught him all the truths of heaven and at the same time influenced his heart to kind and holy affections; my mind became tranquil, so much so, that I have seldom experienced such happy sensations. After thinking some time, I fell into a sound sleep, and I dreamed that I was placed in the midst of the people of the Golden Age. I thought I was in one of the most beautiful districts of the earth, so

charming that I never saw any thing so delightful before. On some rising ground stood a most beautiful yet simple house; nothing gorgeous or splendid was about it, yet it was exceedingly pretty; it seemed as if built of wood, but of a very shining kind, which threw back a halo of glory. The owner of this house had two daughters, the one named Chacune, the other Aucune. Chacune was extremely fair and lovely, stately in figure, with long flowing golden hair; her garments were neat, and her temper was always as sweet as herself. On the other hand, Aucune was not fair, nor was she at all pretty; her countenance seemed always frowning and out of humor. She wished very much to be handsome, and in order to make herself so, she would dress in tawdry things, which only made her uglier. Her temper was very violent and self-willed, as indeed might be perceived from the scowling aspect of her face. These sisters did not live happily together. Every one loved

Chacune, because she loved every one, and desired to do good to all. If any one asked Aucune how her sweet little sister Chacune was, she grew angry, and would scarcely answer; for she was proud, and envious of the praises bestowed on her sister, and wished all to speak about and praise herself.

Aucune envied Chacune most on account of her surpassing loveliness. She had endeavored in many ways to make herself beautiful, but could not; for do what she would, her dark, thick, strong hair would not assume the golden tint and glossy appearance that Chacune's had; neither could she make her distorted features like the noble and regularly formed countenance of her sister, although she had many times gone on a clear fine day to a limpid stream, and there twisted and pulled it into all shapes, to make it as pretty as Chacune's.

One day, as Aucune was walking in the garden, she found Chacune asleep on one

of the green banks of moss. She thought, what a nice time it was to deprive her of her long golden hair, and make her as ugly as herself: she was for some time halting what to do; at last a sweet smile came over the face of Chacune, and if possible, made her look more beautiful than before. The envious Aucune could bear no longer; she ran into the house, and brought a knife, and entirely spoiled all her sister's pretty locks. When Chacune awoke and found her pretty hair gone, she cried bitterly, and mildly complained, and reasoned with her sister, but she did not scold or strike her, then quietly bore her loss.

It was reported in the neighborhood, that during the time Chacune slept upon the bed of moss in the garden, her spirit was admitted into the company of angels, with whom she talked and strayed into fields of an eternal green, and that they had bathed her in the Fountain of Beauty, on the summit of Mount Innocence, in the spiritual world. Aucune wished to know very much

from Chacune how she might gain admittance to the Fountain. Chacune said, "If I tell you, you would not believe; but if you will wait, perhaps the kind angels will come, and show you the way." This did not satisfy Aucune, she had not patience to wait; she was constantly teazing her sister to tell her. One day, after being more than usually anxious, she wandered into a shady grotto, and fell fast asleep, still thinking how she might be enabled to bathe in the Immortal Fountain, and be as pretty as Chacune. I dreamed she had entered the immortal regions. There I saw her going towards a very splendid gate, which some one called "The Gate of Beauty." "Here," thought Aucune, "I must enter, and learn the way to the Fountain;" accordingly she went up to it, and knocked boldly. Instantly the gate was opened by an angel, dressed in brilliant green garments, so beautiful, and so unlike any garments I had ever beheld on earth, that it is impossible to describe them.

"Enter," said he to Aucune. She attempted, but as soon as she set her foot forward, and was within the door, she felt a very heavy pain upon her forehead; her eyes became dim, and she trembled with fear and pain, and the more she advanced, the worse she was: at last she felt she could bear no longer; so she returned, and stood sighing without the door, fearful lest she should not be shown the road to the Immortal Fountain. Whilst she was standing there, she heard some angels from within the porch of the gate singing in a sweet strain; she listened, and endeavored to catch the words; the sounds became fainter, at last they died away, and poor Aucune was retiring almost heart-broken, when suddenly the song commenced again, louder than before, and she heard distinctly the following words:—

"You cannot pass
This gate of brass;
You do not love
Our God above,

Nor kindly do
To sister too,
As you would she
Should do to you."

At first, she could not tell whether they were intended for her to practise, or they were merely the song of some angels within, who were amusing themselves by singing; she pondered what to do, and what to think, when the angel in green appeared. Aucune requested him to tell her what the music meant. "Know, mortal," said he, "this is the Gate of Beauty, through which all must pass, who wish to bathe in the Fountain of Beauty. The door is open to all, but none can live in the atmosphere which pervades inside the gate, except those who practise the purport of the Instructing Angels' song, which they always sing, when any one passes the threshold, and is obliged to withdraw, which you perceived from what you yourself experienced on setting the first foot inside the gate. By this we know that you do not love God,

and we also know that you do not care about teazing your sister. Now, if, when you return to the world, you will not speak harshly to your sister Chacune, nor destroy her golden hair any more, nor do anything to make her sorrowful, you will be able to pass this gate, and live in the air that is within it. Return now, and try to do this for three months, then come again and you shall be conducted on the road to the Fountain of Beauty." Aucune turned away from the gate very sorrowful, for the task seemed to her an extremely hard one. Once or twice she thought of returning to ask the angel in green if to give her sister a great many pretty flowers from her favorite bed, or some of her gaudy dresses, would not do, instead of being kind to her for so long. And probably she would have done so, had it not happened at that instant that her spiritual sight closed, and shut from her view the gate, and all things belonging to it. On her return to the world of nature, the first object she saw was Chacune, who

was watering a beautiful bed of flowers, which had grown surprisingly since Aucune had noticed it. She felt an emotion of envy arising in her breast when she looked upon the beautiful flowers which seemed to rejoice at belonging to so sweet a girl as Chacune; "for," thought she, "every thing my sister has to do with, looks prettier than what any one's else does, and every one praises her for it. I wish she would die, or go away, then what I have would be praised, and I should be loved as she is." Her feelings towards her sister were so naughty, that she could scarcely help destroying the flowers; but then she remembered the angels' song—

"And kindly do
To sister too,
As you would she
Should do to you."

If she should destroy them, she could not pass the Gate of Beauty; so, rather than not bathe in the Immortal Fountain, she would let the flowers alone, and be as kind

to her sister as she was commanded. Many times, she had great difficulty to avoid speaking angrily to her sister, and those near her; but she did avoid it—the desire to be beautiful overcame every thing else. "Only three months, and I shall be as pretty as she," she would frequently say to herself. "Oh! how happy I shall be! every body will be pleased with me, sister will not then have all the praise to herself; how vexed she will be, when she sees that I am as pretty as she, and loved as she is." In this way she consoled herself, when she was near breaking out into a passion.

At last, the three months were over. She went, and lay down on the downy moss in the garden,and awoke in the spiritual world. She immediately went to the Gate of Beauty and knocked as before; the angel in green opened the gate and requested her to come forward; she did so, and, to her surprise, she found the atmosphere most delightful; instead of being painful and heavy, she felt it light and animating. On entering,

she was ushered into a large hall, in which angels were walking, all seemingly as pretty as Chacune. They all welcomed her, and seemed anxious to be of use to her. She asked the way to the Fountain of Beauty; they told her, but said that no one was allowed to go alone, but that some conducting angel was always provided; and also, that every one must be clothed according to the custom of the country, for that if any one was found not having on such garments as are usually worn there, they would be instantly turned back. In a short time her conducting angel appeared, having with him garments for Aucune; she put them on, and found that they fitted her better than any she had had before; yet they were not so pretty and neat as those of the conducting angel. Their color was duller, with here and there black spots upon them. When she was fully attired, the angel led her out into the road to the Fountain. The road was very curiously formed, but very neat, having flowers of various

kinds for a border, which sent forth sweet odors. At short distances from each other, grew fig trees, bearing fine ripe figs. Aucune did not appear to see the beauty of the flowers, nor smell their odors, nor, indeed, to perceive any of the rich things which were there; for the idea of being beautiful, and gathering to herself the praise that was now bestowed upon Chacune, and the dread of continuing ugly, occupied the whole of her attention. By and by, as they advanced, Aucune felt the air oppressive, almost in a similar manner as she had done when first she attempted to enter the Gate of Beauty. She was at last obliged to stop. Her conducting angel saw her condition, and said to her, "Here we must stay; the atmosphere, I perceive, is becoming too pure for you to breathe. You have indeed avoided doing any harm to your sister, but you did it only that you might be made beautiful, and from fear of being punished. Now return to your world, and for six months never once de-

sire to be beautiful, merely for the sake of taking away the praise which your sister now receives."

This was a severe task—far more so than the one preceding; the idea of being beautiful, and of bearing away from Chacune the praise which was bestowed upon her, had seemed to support her in her passionate moments, when she was near speaking angrily, or striking her. "What," thought she, "is the use of being beautiful, unless I am permitted to gather all the praise and love of others, and bring them to myself?" Notwithstanding, she had a desire to be beautiful, and so would endeavor not to think of depriving her sister of her praise. She was conducted back to the Gate of Beauty, and soon she returned to the world.

It was soon remarked by almost all who knew Aucune, how good tempered she had become, and how kind to Chacune she was. "I love her dearly," said Chacune one day. "And so do I," said another, "and always did, excepting when I saw her behaving

so naughtily to you, dear Chacune." "O, I never minded that," observed Chacune, "I loved her still; perhaps she had some cause to be ill tempered with me, and besides, she was not so very bad either. I love her more and more every day; she shall play with my toys, and I will give her some of my pretty flowers, and she shall go with me to hear that beautiful bird which sings in the grove when it sees me. I'll have every thing I can to please her, for I love her dearly." Aucune saw how every one began to smile at her, and some one called her a sweet girl. This pleased her so much, that she began to think that she could have praise and yet not bear away the praise from Chacune. This was a delightful idea. "Oh! then I shall yet be beautiful, and every one will praise me," said she to herself; and as she uttered it, she felt as if she would like to deprive Chacune of it all; but then again, she remembered the instruction of the conducting angel, and she endeavored to stifle the

desire. Frequently, during the six months, she caught herself giving way to thinking how delightful it would be, if Chacune were spoiled of her golden hair, her pretty face, and beautiful form. She thought how she would then begin to be disliked; for she imagined that people loved her only because she was pretty, and not because she was always good tempered; but at length she dismissed such wicked thoughts, for fear of being turned back again in the way of beauty.

At the end of six months, she was again in the spiritual world. She knocked at the gate, and it was opened by the same angel in green. He did not seem to look so pleasantly as he had done before, neither did the conducting angel, whom she found in the lofty hall. He brought her garments, but they were not so clear or pretty as those she had on. They set forward toward the Fountain of Beauty, which Aucune made herself sure of reaching this time; but she had not gone far before she felt the same

heavy and painful sensation as she had done at first. "I observe," said the angel, "that you cannot bear this atmosphere; you have not done as I instructed you; frequently you have cherished a desire to deprive your sister of the praise she has bestowed upon her: this I know from those black spots which appear on your garments. This is very naughty; you see, you have not been able to proceed so far as you did before; this is because you are not so good. When you came before, you had not been told that you must avoid wishing any harm to your sister, but when you had gone as far on the road of Beauty as was consistent with your state, I told you what you must do if you wished to progress farther; this is the reason why you cannot proceed so far as you did at first; until you do as I have said, you cannot pass here. Go now to your world, and endeavor to stifle all evil desires, when they rise up in your bosom; pray earnestly to God to keep you from hatred, and you will find

that the task is not so difficult as you imagined." Aucune, on hearing what the angel said, burst into tears and the knowledge that she had wished harm to her sister many times oppressed her, but she hoped that she should not do so any more. She returned very sad to the gate. As she was going through she heard the same angels singing whom she had heard before, but it was not the same song, nor the same strain. The sounds were the sweetest she had ever heard; there was so much affection and consolation breathed in them, which flowed upon her troubled mind, like oil upon the ruffled waters, that she listened, and found the words were—

"Never fear,
Little dear,
For beauteous thou shalt be;
Upwards bear
Thy heart in prayer,
And the fountain thou shalt see."

She felt quite animated with this assurance, and determined to do all she could to put down all angry and envious feelings.

After her return to the world, she found herself many times tempted to envy and hate Chacune, particularly, because she grew more beautiful every day, and all things she did prospered so much better than any thing she herself did. In course of time, her spiritual sight was opened again. On approaching the Gate of Beauty, she found that the brass, of which the gate was composed, shone most brightly: before it was fine, but now it was so bright, that she never saw brass look so resplendent before. She was admitted by the angel in green. He, as well as the gate, seemed to have acquired new lustre; around his head he had a wreath of flowers, here and there studded with a glittering emerald; his countenance was lighted up with an affectionate smile, as he welcomed Aucune within the portal. She went into the lofty hall: here again she beheld beauties which had not struck her before. The walls were of pure alabaster, with figures of gentle beasts and birds, curiously

wrought here and there upon them. The roof was of cedar wood, also richly carved, supported by pillars of porphyry. The light was admitted from above, through a dome; it was not cold white light, like snow, but full of a mellow tint, as if alive; now and then, there was seen a playful sunny ray, dancing upon the wall, which brightened the images as if they were chrystal. "Wonderful! how is it these did not appear so beautiful when I was here before," exclaimed Aucune. "Oh! see the garments of those angels!" as she observed a company of these blessed beings approaching. "See their flowing robes of downy silk! What caps of flowers! Oh! what brightness from those emerald stars!" They came and stood opposite to her, as if anticipating some question. "Why are all things here so beautiful to-day?" said Aucune. "We enjoy all these beauties every day," said they. "But," said Aucune, "when last I was permitted to enter this hall, I did not observe such beauties as

now I do." "Very likely not," said the angels, "but then, you know, you wished not well to your sister, and even desired that harm might come upon her; it was because of this, that every thing appeared to have so little beauty. Evil causes a dense mist to rise over the mind, which makes every thing seen through it lose some portion of its beauty, and so it was with you. These beautiful objects were dimmed, because then you saw through the darkening mist. We saw all these things then, as we see them now." "Oh, how many glorious sights I must have lost," thought Aucune! She determined never again to wish ill to her sister. The conducting angel appeared, and desired her to put on the costume of the country. She found that all the dull appearance and black spots had gone. In addition to what she had had before, the angel gave her a garland of flowers, which she placed upon her head, as if for a crown. On entering the road, she perceived many beauties that were not apparent before; she

felt a delightful fragrance, as if from new budding blossoms; beautiful birds, of a light green tinge, warbled sweet delightful notes, while they sat upon the branches of the fig and the aloe trees, as if to welcome Aucune to their sweet abode. They proceeded onward; at each succeeding step, new objects appeared, each manifesting peculiar beauties. Each side of the road was one continued flower bed, full of noble flowers; thousands of brilliant little insects too, sipped the dew-drops from their petals, and hummed in concert with the birds above. Now and then, was heard a noise, as if from the falling of the waters of a distant cascade, which Aucune thought must be those of the Fountain of Beauty. At length they arrived at another gate, composed of solid silver, having written over, in letters of gold, "The Portal of Truth." "We must enter here," said the angel, and he knocked, and immediately there appeared a glorious one in white, who bid them enter; they did so; when, almost

as soon as Aucune had entered, she felt an unpleasant sensation; she burst into tears, and said, "Am not I pure enough yet, to go to the Immortal Fountain?"—for a presentiment crossed her mind, which said "Thou canst not enter." "None can bathe in those waters, but those who feel a pleasure in breathing the atmosphere within this gate," said the angel in white. "What must I do, to be made able to enter?" exclaimed she. "You have hitherto, only done good to your sister, because you were afraid of not being beautiful if you did otherwise, and because you were ordered to do so," said the angel. "One who does good from motives of that kind, is not able to live in our air. We love every one, because God has enabled us to understand how reasonable this duty is; how truly beautiful are order and kindness, and how completely obedient to truth; because it is truth which is blessed by new and brighter displays of heavenly light; and thus how foolish and irrational all obstinacy and sin

are! We should avoid them, because they are wrong, and because all the thoughts that arise from them are false, darkening the mind. God condemns sin, because He is the fountain of good; and for this we love Him, and shun what opposes Him. Strive to do the same for one year, and then you shall pass the silvery gate." She returned to the world, and endeavored to do as she had been instructed. At first she found great difficulty in banishing from her mind all idea of reward, especially, when she was allowing her sister to join her, at some rare kind of fruit, which she now and then had given to her by a lady, who was pleased to see how much better she had become of late. By and by, she began to feel that it was not so difficult to see the beauty of being, and doing good, hoping for nothing again, as she at first had imagined; she soon found out how foolish sin was; how ridiculous to make ourselves unhappy, that we may make others so; she saw that the first person a wicked girl

makes wretched, is *herself;* and that while she but slightly injures others, she destroys herself for ever; and that good persons, whatever benefits they may procure for others, are most blessed themselves. She endeavored to act from these motives, for she was not yet capable of acting from purer ones. She made no bargains with God now. She was kind and obliging because it was right, and from a remembrance of the many kind things her sister had done her; she saw, therefore, that it was her duty to repay that kindness which she had so plentifully received, both from her Father above and her sister on earth. But it must not be supposed that she overcame all her difficulties at once; more than once she was obliged to return, when on her journey to the Fountain of Beauty. Yes, if I remember right, thrice she came back, having had her failings pointed out by the conducting angel in white, who had been commanded by the Lord to lead her forward on the way to the Immortal Fountain,

into whose care the angel in green had placed her. When she thus reached the Portal of Truth, the scene that opened upon her view was magnificent in the extreme. The gate, at her first approach, was beautiful, and superior to any thing of the kind she had witnessed before; but now, Oh! how that beauty had become heightened! It shone as if ten thousand rays of the noon-day sun had concentrated themselves, and become solidified into the form of a magnificent gate; and the letters of gold, over the gate, were like flames from an ardent burning furnace.

Aucune entered, trembling through fear lest she should injure something belonging to this glorious place. The first circumstance that struck her, was the mighty intensity of the light. It seemed to her as if she had been placed in the midst of a diamond, with all its glittering rays beaming with double refulgence; yet it was not painful. The heat which accompanied it ran through her whole soul, producing a

holy love and veneration for all around. By and by, she was joined by her conducting angel, and she set out upon her journey. On the road, she occasionally saw palaces. In her former endeavors to arrive at the Immortal Fountain, she had observed buildings, but perceived nothing remarkable connected with them. One thing she had noticed, during her visits, which appeared very wonderful; every succeeding time she came, she saw new beauties upon all the objects around. Those which looked dull and uninteresting at first, now were spread over with wonders; every bird, every tree, every flower, yea, every blade of grass, called forth a burst of admiration and surprise. The palaces were built of polished marble, having steps of alabaster in front, and at the sides of the steps were pillars of jasper, supporting a rainbow roof. Beneath this roof, angels, dressed in long flowing robes of white, were walking, two and two. Aucune asked her guide who the angels were. He told her that they

were now inhabitants of those beautiful palaces, where they lived in unspeakable happiness; but that formerly they had lived in the world in which she lived, and that while there they had always been kind and gentle to all, and had done good from a sense of truth, which taught them how right, and just, and happy, it was to do good to every one—how beautifully reasonable to have faith in, and then to obey God. "One of their pleasures," said he, "is, to walk in the colonnade before their palaces, just as you see them now, enjoying the fragrant breeze, and inspecting the various objects around. So holy are they that they perceive something to cause them to adore their God in every thing they see, and raise their thoughts above, and feel conscious of the wisdom to which the outward form of the objects corresponds. They think also, if this simple thing is so wonderfully beautiful, how wondrous, then, must be the beauty of the Almighty Giver! If they behold objects of use, (and with them

nothing is without use,) they are hushed into humility by the contemplation of Him from whom all uses are derived." Aucune passed on, thinking within herself, how happy is the lot of those who lead a life of righteousness on earth; and wondering how she could have been guilty of so much folly as to wish to do harm to her now beloved sister Chacune.

As they went along, Aucune asked various questions respecting the things she met; amongst the rest, how it was that every thing seemed to be so perfectly in harmony with her thoughts and desires? for she observed, when she was thinking how very innocent and harmless those angels must be, whom they had seen walking before their palaces, that a dove appeared upon a tree near her, and a lamb grazing beneath the tree, which were perfect types of innocence and harmlessness. The angel told her that that was a circumstance peculiar to the spiritual world. "All things," said he, "which we behold here,

are representative of our thoughts and desires. What you now see is an embodiment of the particular principles of our minds. You behold all things here as beautiful; the reason of that is, because beauty is the form of goodness, and you have now become good. When you first came, and had still many sinful desires and evil thoughts, nothing you then saw looked half so lovely. When you looked at the palaces, you only beheld them as common buildings; the jasper pillars, and alabaster steps and rainbow roof, you saw not. And, if you remember, the garments you received at first, were not perfectly clean, with here and there a black spot upon them; that was because your mind had many impure thoughts, and black affections; but now since you have become good, your garments are elegant and shining, your head, which was uncovered, is now wreathed with diamonds. Those contented looking sheep, which appear to be so calmly grazing in yon rich pasture, are but types

of your own peaceful state." "How strange it is," thought Aucune, "but I see how true it is; it is true, because it is the best way of making us acquainted with our faults. Every beast, every bird, yes, every object we behold, is thus made a mirror to reflect our inward souls upon our external senses, so that we cannot possibly mistake our quality." She continued meditating upon this subject for some time, when she was aroused by the sound of some distant harmonious music, which fell upon her ear like the ripple of a gentle stream. The sound became nearer and nearer. It was caught in succession by the inmates of the various palaces. Presently, every palace in the whole surrounding country sent forth one universal sound of praise The song was this:—

"Oh! what wonders does the Lord
Set before His creature's eye,
To bless, preserve, and well record,
How we may mount to realms on high.
Oh! how high!

Each plant, each beast, declares the theme,
The silent brooks His glories tell,
Nor is there aught on earth too mean
To say that He hath done things well.
Oh! how well!"

Aucune almost unconsciously echoed back the loud swelling song, for it had struck in unison the chord of her heart that was most awakened. Shortly it died away. She asked the angel what was the meaning of so general a song. "These glorifications," said he, "are occasionally heard, when all the angels have a very strong perception of the goodness of the Lord; they are now adoring Him for the many blessings they enjoy. They are made sensible that nothing has been made in vain, but that all things have been made by God, for our comfort and happiness. This feeling of praise continually keeps increasing, till at last, it bursts forth from one; it is then speedily taken up by the rest, and made to resound through all the heaven."

They journeyed onward, meeting many wonderful things, till at last, they arrived at another gate, which appeared as if made of gold. As soon as Aucune saw this gate, she felt as if she could not pass it, and exclaimed "Not yet!" "Not yet!" was echoed back by some one within; she started at the sound, and wondered who it could be, though it confirmed what she thought; yet the words were uttered in such a sweet tone, and with so much compassion, that it seemed like love itself speaking. She asked her guide what she had still to do before she could bathe in the Immortal Waters. "We will knock, and hear what the angel at the gate will say," said her conductor. They went up, and knocked. The gate was opened by an angel clothed in purple, who welcomed them in. After having sat down, the angel in purple said, "I perceive, from the countenance of this young immortal, that she is desirous of bathing in the Immortal Waters. Now these waters are situated upon

the top of Mount Innocence, at some distance hence, and the atmosphere which surrounds them is so pure that none but the purest of beings can approach them. She would not be able to sustain so much purity; the motives from which she has hitherto acted, have been tinctured with somewhat of self. The one she has acted from latterly has been the purest of any, but still, that is not void of self. In this heaven, we do good, not from the remembrance of the benefits we have received, or from an idea of having something given to us, but because we love what is good, for its own sake, and do it because it will bless others. But, mind you, when we do this, we do not think that we are doing it ourselves, for we know that of ourselves alone we are nothing bnt vile and sinful, but we feel that all the good we do is infused into us from the Lord. Pride, respecting our own excellence, never enters our bosoms, for we plainly perceive that the good we possess is not our own. We

strive to imitate our Father who made us. He does good, not because He has had some benefits conferred upon Him, or because He expects any; for who can confer a benefit upon Him from whom all benefits are derived? But He does it because He loves to do good, and bless His creatures. Endeavor, then, to attain this best of all motives. I know you will find it difficult at the commencement; but persevere, and implore our Father's help, and you will ultimately succeed."

Aucune retired from the presence of the angel, almost despairing of ever obtaining a sight of the Immortal Fountain; but she remembered how she had been enabled to overcome the evil motives that had been previously pointed out to her; how the Lord had supported her when she was near entering into forbidden things; how He had calmed and quieted her doubts and fears, and had always made her even more than a conqueror over her base and impure affections. "Can I," said Aucune, "doubt

that He will enable me to act from this, which the angel has called the purest of motives?

> No, I cannot:
> He who brought me hitherto,
> Will help me all the journey through."

She returned to the world not at all cast down, and played cheerfully with her sister Chacune; and Chacune loved her dearly, much more than she did while she was so naughty, though even then she loved her anxiously, and tried to win her to God and goodness. Indeed, every one began to love Aucune almost as well as Chacune. The sweet temper which she had begun to manifest since she first entered the spiritual world, made her face lose its scowling aspect, and gather beauty continually; for it was chiefly her pining, and cross temper, that made her so very unlovely before. Every thing that she attempted to do now, whether it was to cultivate flowers, or train her rose trees, or work beautiful net, or

whatever else it was, she succeeded well with. The reason of this was, because, before she was too proud and conceited to be taught; but now she was content, and happy to receive instruction, and thereby to understand fully how these things could be best performed. The lambs that fed in her father's meadow, which before had always shunned her, now became fond of her. They would run to meet her, and frisk about, as much as to say, "O how glad we are that Aucune has become a good girl." The pretty birds, which used only to sing for Chacune, now began to sing for her. In fact, every thing and every person seemed to be pleased with Aucune, and to strive to make her happy.

She, in the mean time, endeavored to act from the motive mentioned to her by the angel. Several times she had to return, after having passed the golden gate; but each time she had succeeded better and better, which gave her hope. At last, she went and succeeded. As she entered

the golden gate, a company of angels advanced to meet her. Their countenances bespoke incessant love. Their robes were composed of rich purple velvet. Around their heads they had wreaths of the choicest flowers, with here and there a ruby sending forth its beautiful light; and behind the ear of each was placed an olive leaf. As they approached, they sung; the words were these,—

"Worthy are they,
To pass this way,
Who supremely love the Lord,
And do His word."

Each kissed her as they came near, and said, "You are now our sister." She was immediately clad with robes similar to those around her; and one of them, who was more beautiful and commanding than the rest, invested her with the badge of their heaven, by placing behind her ear the olive leaf. "Come now to the Immortal Fountain," said he, "the barriers to this sacred spring are all passed; peace and tranquility shall henceforth be your companions;

joy and gladness shall forever attend upon you, and we will be your protecting friends." They led her on towards the Fountain. Her path was upon beds of velvet flowers; the air surpassed in sweetness all that she had ever breathed before, sweet as that had been. The light of the diamond became dim when the brightness of the light of this heaven was permitted to shine upon it. At last she came to the Fountain. Some angels were bathing; they were the loveliest forms she had ever beheld. She went, and looked in; she saw the face of one beaming with joy and beauty. She continued to admire this lovely countenance, when, just as she was about to enquire whose it was, her sister Chacune came, and caught hold of her, and kissed her. "Oh! my beloved Aucune," said she, "long have I wished to behold you standing on the brink of these blessed waters, so that I could show you how beautiful you are: that lovely face you admire so much, is yours." Aucune looked again, and when she really found that it was the shadow of her own

countenance, she was astonished. "I have not bathed yet," said she. "True, you have not been immersed in this type of the Holy Water," said Chacune, "but the true water itself from the River of Life, has been sprinkled on your interior parts. Remember how full of filth and vileness you once were, and then think of the holy commands which were given to you by the angels to make you pure. That was the water of the True Immortal Fountain." "I understand it all," exclaimed Aucune. "When you used to tell me to clean first the inside, and the outside would certainly be clean, I could not understand it; but now I see its meaning: internal worth, brings external beauty. O, Chacune, how much I have to love you for." They returned to the world, where they continued to be loved by all who knew them, until it pleased the Lord to make them entirely inhabitants of the spiritual world. After this, I awoke.

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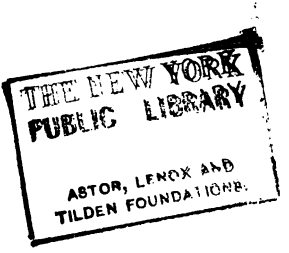
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J. G. Chapman. A. Lawson.

THE LOST FOUND.

THE LOST FOUND.

AZIL:

OR

THE LOST FOUND.

In a distant, and now forgotten kingdom, dwelt once a shepherd and his adopted son. The old man was feeble from age, but his countenance still expressed strength and goodness of mind. Peace dwelt in shining light upon his high and noble brow, over which waved the blessed silver hair of age; while, round his mouth, there seemed to be continually the shadow of a smile; his eyes, also, beamed with love and kindness.

When the young Azil was but a child of about two years old, the shepherd found him in a wood near his cottage, wandering about as though in search of some one.

Tears stood in the lovely child's eyes; but with a singular sort of pride, he seemed to restrain his grief, and, holding his head erect, looked proudly up at the stranger. At first, he was unwilling to go with him; but, after a short time, the benevolent aspect and kind tones of the shepherd won him, and, putting his hand in that of his protector, went to his new home.

Azil was now fourteen. The years which had passed over the child, making him a noble youth, had bowed the then old shepherd with the feebleness of age; and he who had once been the protector, was now the protected.

The shepherd was a friend to Azil's mind as well as to his body. In his youth, he had been highly educated; and, moving in a courtly circle, his experience was large, combining knowledge of the outward and the inner worlds. Numerous sorrows, however, the loss of his parents and of his lovely bride, had led him to give up his large possessions to a poor but worthy re-

lation, and retire to this quiet cottage, where he hoped to attain that peace and quietness which the world cannot give. His pure heart taught him to reverence the bountiful works of God; and in every little production of nature he learned some lesson which enlarged his mind; and in regaining his lost peace, he grew also in wisdom. Thus was he a fit instructor for the child Providence had placed in his care.

Azil began early to show a bold, impetuous temper—fearless, but rash; and his kind protector, whom he now called father, every day found new cause to watch him more carefully; but, with all this, he was so loving and obedient, so noble and unselfish, that the shepherd had every reason to be full of courage and hope that he should succeed in making him a truly wise and benevolent man. He intended fitting him, both externally and iuternally, for that world which he had left as a lone, heart-broken man; but now that he had a son

to love and teach, he wished to return with him. Besides, he knew that it is better for men to dwell together; and he hoped, after he had completed Azil's education, that he would be capable of doing much to help his fellow beings by the exercise of a good and true love towards them, expressed in generous, unselfish acts, which would be of use to some, while his example would benefit others. When the shepherd had left the court and given up his wealth, he still retained sufficient for necessary wants, (his flock of sheep were companions,) and also had brought with him, to this retired valley, his large and excellent library. Thus, with his own enlarged and highly cultivated mind, and these books, he had it in his power to teach this dear youth, as well, perhaps better, than he could have been taught in any other situation.

Azil delighted in study, and when, together, they tended the flock of sheep, he listened eagerly to all the lessons so freely and kindly given. Years passed away in

study and amusement, and gradually, his rash fearlessness was becoming true courage; and his bold, fiery temper, a spirited determination to *be* right, and *do* right, and help others too.

He seemed to have naturally a great love for battle, and in reading warlike tales, would often wish he were a warrior. The shepherd, one day, finding him busily employed with some wooden sticks, that he had stuck into the ground, and which he called soldiers, sat down by him, and interested himself in Azil's feelings. He had formerly been a great warrior, and had fought in several battles; he had also been in the habit of instructing his troops in various manœuvres, some of which had been singularly successful over the enemy; he now felt his youthful fire return, and in teaching Azil these not forgotten manœuvres, by the help of numerous wooden sticks for men, he passed many happy hours. At the same time he sought to give his attentive

pupil a strong and true idea of war, both in its good and bad light; and while teaching him how to fight a battle with men, he also instilled into his pure young heart a desire to fight against all evil thoughts and feelings.

* * * * * * Azil was now a youth of eighteen; tall, finely formed, and seeming already a man in strength and wisdom. Intelligence and affection mingled their beautiful light in his clear eyes; noble courage was expressed in his step, and truth seemed shining from every feature.

He no longer tended sheep: during the last year he had devoted himself to continual and earnest study, for his adopted father had said, "One year more of study, and then we will go hence," and the year was almost gone. One lovely evening they were sitting together at the door of their humble cottage, watching the going down of the sun, and conversing. Lofty thoughts were expressed in Azil's

bright, uplifted eyes, and his glowing cheeks proved his interest, and earnest wish to succeed in the noble undertaking which the good old shepherd now unfolded to him more clearly than ever before: he was to live for others; to live a life of use and benevolence to those who needed help, who knew less, or were less strong than he, and with the shepherd he prayed earnestly that God would give him strength to do all this and at the same time keep him humble.

Scarcely had they finished their prayer, than they were startled by the sound of horses' hoofs not far distant, and the inspiring sound of martial music; and presently they saw emerging from the woods near by, a knight, arrayed in complete armor, made of exquisitely carved steel, which sparkled in the setting sun like chrystals; but his glorious beaming helmet was of gold, from which waved scarlet and violet plumes. His sword, which hung at his side, was richly adorned with diamonds forming a star, which sparkled with intense

brightness. But his charger! no wonder Azil's eyes shone with a new delight: this splendid warrior was mounted on a trained but spirited war horse, of the most magnificent breed; such an one Azil had never seen before. He was indeed most admirably built, and his step was so graceful and light, that the soft green turf seemed quite insensible of his tread.

Behind this glorious knight rode a numerous band, who were clad like their leader, save that upon their swords glittered no star.

Riding up to the cottage and dismounting from his steed, the knight, lifting his visor, looked eagerly at the old man and Azil. Instantly he took his helmet off, and made a low salutation to the latter.

"I am satisfied;—the traitor has told the truth;" said he in a loud, sonorous voice, and instantly the whole troop dismounted and uncovered their heads.

"What means this?" asked the shepherd in surprise. "Sir," replied the court-

ly stranger, "at the command of the king's nephew, who would succeed to his uncle's reign if his cousin were dead, a false knight stole the king's young son Azil, but not having the courage to kill him, he left him in this wood, which is far from even the outskirts of our kingdom. Shortly after, the king died, and the queen shut herself up, grieving for the loss of her only child. The nephew ascended the throne, but he has been constantly embroiled in war with his neighbors, and has nearly ruined his own kingdom by his tyranny. The traitor whom he employed to destroy his young cousin, on his death-bed confessed his crime, at the same time saying that he saw Azil taken by a shepherd, while he was concealed in a tree near by. Hoping that we should find the son of our beloved king yet alive, we have come this long distance, and now it is plain by his astonishing resemblance to the noble queen his mother, that he is the one we seek."

The shepherd bowed and said, "I think I can bring you yet more convincing proofs;" and going into the cottage he presently returned, bringing a miniature of a beautiful woman, simply dressed, and in a plain gold case, set round with pearls; on the back was inscribed, "For my son, Azil;" and the child had of himself told the shepherd that that was his name.

"Ah, it is indeed true; this is our queen as she was when her son was two years old:" so saying he turned to Azil and bowing gracefully, continued; "to-night we will rest with you, but on the morrow, we will conduct you, as our lord and king, to the queen your mother, who still lives, and still hopes to see her son in this life."

The knight's followers pitched their tents in the valley on the border of the wood, but their noble leader entered the cottage of the old shepherd. He then learned from this good and noble man, of the education which Azil had received, and which so well fitted him for a monarch, who should

know how, more than any one else, to live for the good of his people.

The knight was particularly pleased at the warlike part of his education, for he said that there must be a battle, because the infamous cousin, who was still king, would not resign, and that it was therefore necessary for prince Azil to be prepared to place himself at the head of his army.

The next day, at early dawn, they left the cottage where so many years had been spent in quiet peacefulness by the old man and the young king. They went from the still calm valley, to a fierce tumultuous war, which however did not last long. Azil's remarkable likeness to his mother, his graceful, lofty bearing, the goodness and benevolence enthroned on his brow, brought all to his side, and soon his false cousin had no army to fight for him.

* * * * * * *

Azil thus was restored to his mother, and to his father's throne; he kept always near him the old man, who had been in-

deed a true father to him, and notwithstanding his age, for many years continued to listen to his truthful counsels. His kingdom was soon flourishing and peaceful, and during a long reign he was most tenderly loved by his subjects, for whose happiness and welfare he took the greatest care.

STERLING WORTH.

FROM BLUMAUER.

Act with a man as you would with a piece of money: if his edge be rough, and his voice ring honestly, extend your hand freely to receive him; if he be smoothed down by intercourse with the world, be not so eager for his company; but if he be clipped by fashion, avoid him altogether.

THE MISER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BLUMANER.

A miser fell into a stream; 'twas wide,
And deep, and rapid; speedily to save
His life, a fisherman leapt in and cried
There was no danger, if his hand he'd give.
The miser, as the waters gurgled round,
Cried, "I can give thee nothing!" and was drowned.

FROM LESSING.

"I have a question to ask," said a young Eagle to a learned Owl. "They say there's a bird called *Merops*, who when he rises into the air flies tail foremost, with his head towards the ground. Is that true?"

"No," replied the Owl, "that is a silly invention of man. He himself may be such a Merops; for he would be too happy to fly up to heaven, without leaving the earth for an instant out of sight."

THE GOOD SON.

BY REV. E. MANGIN.

Some years ago, in a small town, or rather village, in England, there lived a clergyman, who had the care of a parish in the neighborhood. He was married to a very gentle and amiable young lady, and had a son, who, at the time when this history begins, was about five years old. They lived in a neat and pretty small house, which they called Primrose Cottage, because it was originally of the color of a primrose; though afterwards it was hardly possible to know the color of the building, as it was nearly covered with ivy and honeysuckle. Here they lived; poor, but contented and happy, because they were both good, and greatly beloved. The wife was loved, because she used to help the sick and needy

with physic and cheap food; and now and then by giving a piece of flannel or linen to such as wanted clothes in the winter time for themselves or their little ones; and by her way of doing this, and a civil manner of speaking to the people, she won their hearts still more. The clergyman, on his side, gained general respect and good will, by doing all his duties, public and private, with perfect regularity, and as if he took true pleasure in these, and in nothing else. He was a real priest of the Church of England, and used no new forms or fashions in praying or preaching; with the sorrowful and the dying among his flock, he was sad and solemn; and when he could not console them otherwise, would show that he at least felt for their misfortunes. But with the young, the gay, and the happy, he seemed happy and gay himself, and encouraged them in their sports and games; and when they played cricket or football, or danced, he would look on delighted, as he sat in his green arm chair on the little

grassplat before his own door; while his wife worked at her needle, seated near him; and their healthy, cheerful boy played in their sight.

These were their joyful times: both were young; and, if they had not fortune, they had hope to enliven them; and when they had an hour to spare from their different duties, they passed that hour in laying plans for the happiness of their dear child.

One day, however, the clergyman, on coming home after the church service was over, was silent and pale; he went to bed early; the next morning, he could not rise; and in four days more, he was dead.

And now woe came where joy had been, and weeping instead of smiles; and where all before had been hope, there was now nothing but despair. A new clergyman arrived to fill the place of the last; and the poor, forlorn, and friendless mother was obliged to lead her innocent boy by the hand, from what was no longer their own door, and to bid farewell forever to the Primrose Cottage.

Nothing can well be imagined more miserable than the unhappy widow. In losing her husband, she had lost her protector and her beloved companion, and almost all her means of supporting herself, and one she loved more than herself, her little son.

She had no friends, except among the poor, who can be of little use to such as are poor like themselves; and she had scarcely any money to hire a lodging, or buy a meal to eat. But something she must do; and therefore she went to the house of an humble farmer, a good man, who had known her in better times, and he readily agreed to give her shelter in a small room that looked out on an orchard at the back of his house, in which there was a bed for herself, and, in a little closet behind it, a crib for her boy.

It was also settled that they should share the plain food which the farmer and his wife were contented to eat; and, by way of paying for these comforts, the poor lady

undertook to do as much for them as she was able to perform. By degrees, she made herself useful; and she was so gentle, and sweet tempered, and had so little pride, that at last they perceived that they could not live happily without her.

Any spare time she had, she employed in teaching her boy to read and write, and when, at night, he was in bed and asleep, and she thought no one observed her, she would, many a time, sit down and weep; then pray to God for her son, and at length go to sleep herself. In this manner, and walking with him in the orchard, and conversing with the farmer and his dame, and seldom being heard of, or spoken to, by any body else, some years passed over.

Her son was not only the chief object of her affection, but her constant companion; and so fond was he of his mother, and so grateful to her, (the proof of his having a noble mind,) that he would hardly ever leave her; and while he was seated by her side, as children must do something,

he used to amuse himself with cutting little bits of wood into different shapes, or moulding a lump of bees' wax, which the farmer had given him, into the resemblance, as he thought, of birds, cows, &c. He at last finished the likeness of a goat in wax, so much to the satisfaction of his friends, that the farmer grew proud of showing the little figure to gentlemen and others passing by.

One day, a thin old man, dressed in very poor clothes, stopped for many minutes to look at the *goat*, as it stood in the parlor window; and presently coming in, asked very humbly to be allowed to examine the waxen figure. The farmer was pleased with this, and said, "Sit down, old man, and look at it as long as you like; and take a glass of strong beer, to refresh you." The old stranger, sitting down, refused the beer, with many thanks; but desired the farmer to tell him, if possible, who made the goat. The farmer said he would soon do that; and, calling the boy from his mother's little room, introduced him to the old

man, who made many inquiries about him, as who he was; how old; and who was his teacher? The boy answered, that he lived with his mother, at the house of the good farmer, where they then were; that he was nine years of age; and had learned to read and write from his mother; but had not been taught to carve or mould by any one. The stranger then asked, with great humility, to see his mother, who immediately came out to him, and repeated the information the boy had already given him. The old man said he seemed a good child, and rather ingenious; that he himself had once, in his better days, a turn for carving sticks and stones, and liked any thing of the kind; that he knew a stone mason in the next village, who would, he thought, give the poor boy something to do in his way, if his mother had no objection; and that, with her leave, he would speak of him to the mason, on his road home.

The boy, who seldom smiled, smiled now

at the notion of having something large to carve. The mother was thankful to the old stranger; only she was rather sad at the thought of her boy being absent from her for some hours every day, as he must be if employed; but the good hearted farmer and his wife advised her not to refuse the offer, if the mason would agree to the old man's plan; and so he went away.

In a few days after this visit from the poor old stranger, the boy's mother received a letter, signed N., but nothing more, telling her, that if her son would go along with the messenger who left the letter, he would take him to the mason they had spoken of together; and as the distance was but about half a mile, the exercise of walking would do him good. A decent looking countryman waited for him; the mother sighed, but let him go; the boy went, half joyful, half melancholy; and the farmer, who greatly liked the child, would go with him, and promised to bring him back on his return from market.

For several months, this obedient child continued to attend his master, the mason, and was always regular in returning to his mother at the end of three or four hours each day. To her, the first sound of his foot and sight of his face were always welcome; he was as respectful and tender towards her as ever; and, in fact, in nothing was he changed, except in what is now to be mentioned; he said he was exceedingly fond of the work he had to do, and that his master praised him; but still he made a sort of secret of what he was doing while away. He was a boy of an uncommon character, and had the serious face, and the sensible words in talking, of boys three years older than himself; insomuch that his observing mother felt a sort of respect for him, and allowed him to keep his secret as long as he chose.

Some more time had passed in this manner, when, towards the sunset of a fine summer's day, as the melancholy widow was sitting outside of the cottage door,

now and then talking to her son, and often looking up at the streaks of crimson and gold which adorned the sky, the farmer came home much later than he usually did, and said he had a letter for mistress, which he was desired to give into her own hands. The widow took the letter into her apartment; but presently afterwards rather ran than walked out again, giving the letter to the farmer and his wife to read; while she herself, shedding many tears, threw her arms round her boy's neck, and kissed his cheeks, crying out, "My dear, my excellent child!"

The farmer, having read the letter, seemed as much astonished and rejoiced as she herself was. And it was no wonder that those who loved the boy and wished him well, should be pleased with the news in the letter. It was, as before, signed N., and informed the delighted mother that her son had made a model in clay for a statue, and sent his performance to him in London; that he had shown it to several great

judges of the art; and that they, as a reward, had sent the mother, for the use of her clever boy, the sum of *fifty* pounds.

This was indeed a sum much larger than she had been mistress of for many a long day, and at once gave her independency.

Her generous, and now proud and happy boy, put a bank-note for the money into his mother's hand; and was going to speak, but could not; some tears fell from his eyes on his mother's cheek as she embraced him; and both went—as the mother said—to walk together in the orchard; but perhaps it was to sit down and weep for joy.

They could now afford, in some measure, to reward the kind farmer and his wife for their former friendly behavior, by making them a handsome present; and accordingly the widow bought a fine, but not too fine a gown for the wife, and a most beautiful young spotted cow for her husband.

But wonders, instead of ending with what had just happened, were only beginning. In a year or two after, the ingen-

ious youth, who was more and more pleased with his employment, made a statue of white marble, and wrote to his friend N. to tell him what he had done, and to say he was ashamed to shew his work to any one except to him; but greatly wished that he could see it.

In about a fortnight from this, as he was returning to the cottage after finishing his work for the day, and had just reached the door, he heard the noise of carriage wheels; and scarcely had he entered, and while he was yet holding his mother's hand in his, a chariot drove up and stopped; a servant in rich livery opened the carriage door, and, to the utter amazement of the boy, his mother, the farmer and his wife, out of the carriage came poor old N., (for they knew him by no other name,) dressed much as before; and, as before, civil and humble in his look and way of speaking. He shook hands with them all round; and, seating himself, said, "This time I will take a glass of your beer, farmer: I have rather a long

story to tell; that is, a long one for me, as I am not fond of using many words." And then, having drunk his beer, and had a little bread and cheese, he proceeded; addressing himself, with great respect, chiefly to the boy's mother. "As you have been in London, Madam, you may have seen such and such marble statues," which he mentioned. She said, she well remembered them, and how beauteous they were. "Well, Madam," said he, "they were made by me; as were some others, which you may not have seen: I have obtained a little fame, a good deal of money, and some share of credit among persons of consequence in town, who are pleased to say that I understand my art; and they generally shew favor to any one whom I recommend. I formerly suspected that your son had genius; a gift few have: I have long been satisfied that he had great talents; and, unknown to him, have examined a piece of sculpture he has just finished, and shewn it to better judges than my-

self." Then turning towards the young man, he added, "And I now have the pleasure to present him with the price which the King himself has commanded me to pay him for the beautiful statue he has made, and which I shall take with me to London to be placed in the Royal Palace. The money, my young friend, is one thousand guineas; a large sum, but not too much for the work of genius you have produced, nor for the wise and generous use I know you will make of it."

The rest of the youth's story is easily told: he soon made a great fortune, and gained such renown, that a statue by him reflected honor on his country. He rendered his beloved mother as happy as her son's virtuous name, and the wealth he shared with her, could make her; enriched the good farmer and his wife to their heart's content; and never, for a day, forgot his debt of love and gratitude to the OLD STRANGER.

DAME TRUMAN

AND HER LITTLE PUPILS.

See how, in her high-backed chair,
Straight and stiff, the dame sits there,
'Midst that trembling urchin band,
Threatening rod within her hand;
In her eyes, oh! such a look!
On her knee the lesson-book.
Ah, I fear me, he who stands
With the chubby outspread hands,
And the face of droll dismay,
Cannot all his lesson say.
See; he's rooted to the spot;
Just one word he has forgot!
Much I fear me some new toy
From his lesson wiled the boy.
Wait a little longer, dame,
Ere you cry "For shame! for shame!"
For the word *will* come again
To the urchin's muddled brain.

DAME TRUEMANS PUPILS

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

CHARLES DOUGLAS,

THE WONDER-SEEKER.

(EXTRACT FROM "THE WONDER-SEEKER.")

CHARLES Douglas, the wonder-seeker, met with a sad accident, which kept him a long time confined to his room, and prevented him, for many a weary day, from wandering through hill and dale, in search of fresh wonders. I shall tell you how it happened, how he bore the great pain he suffered, and how quietly and how gently he submitted to lie, day after day, bound so that neither hand nor foot,—no, not even a little finger, could be moved.

Since his friendship with Mr. Stanley had begun, Charles had gradually given up going upon hunting mornings to see the hounds throw off, as it is called. Not but that he still dearly loved the sight; the prancing horses, the hunters in their red

coats, the hounds in their anxiety to be off, scarcely kept in order by the voice of the whipper-in,—all pleased him still: but then Mr. Stanley never went, and this spoiled much of his pleasure,—so that gradually, as I have said, he forgot to go too, or put it off from day to day.

Of late, however, he had sometimes ridden his pony, Mite, by his papa's side, and once pretty gentle Zora, who seemed well to know that her light burthen was very precious, for she bore him along as safely and as fleetly as the best horse upon the field.

All this had perhaps made Charles too confident in himself, or too careless of danger. He forgot the oftentimes repeated advice of his friend, not to mistake vain or foolish boasting for true courage. "To thrust yourself into needless danger," Mr. Stanley would say, "is no proof of bravery. A man who forces his way through flames, or plunges into a stormy sea, to save the life of a fellow creature, is cour-

ageous; but to do either of these, for a mere empty boast, would be the act of —"

"A madman," interrupted Charles; "but I hope I am not so bad as that, Mr. Stanley."

That he was, in this instance, quite as bad, poor little Charles afterwards confessed, as indeed well he might.

He had told Mr. Stanley, one evening, that he would not be with him till late in the forenoon of the next day, as he was going with Hugh, his father's groom, to see the hunt-meet at no great distance from Mr. Stanley's house. "If you look out at your window," he said, "you will see us."

Mr. Stanley did look out, and the sight he saw sent the blood cold and chill to his heart, for three men, carrying a shutter, which they had torn from a cottage window, and upon which Charles was laid, were at that moment opening the garden gate. They had not reached the door before Mr. Stanley was by their side; he gave

one glance at the pale face of the child, and then, staggering forwards, asked in a hoarse whisper, "Is he dead?"

"God forbid, sir!" said one of the men; "he opened his eyes and spoke, when he was first lifted from the ground, but he has fainted again. A man on horseback is off for the doctor, but we thought it best to come straight to you, sir."

"Right, quite right," said Mr. Stanley, recovering presence of mind the moment he knew exertion to be necessary, "you have done quite rightly. Rest the shutter here,—I will carry him to his room." But once more, as he wound his arms round the child, he was overpowered by the fear that he was already dead. His pale face was covered with the blood that had flowed from a deep gash upon his head; his eyes were closed, and there was no breath, no sign that he would ever rise again in this world, all life, and health, and spirits, and happiness, as he had been an hour before.

For many minutes did Mr. Stanley hang

over him, uncertain whether he were not already gone; and it was not for some time after the arrival of the doctor, that a low groan, and the eyelids half unclosed, gave the first sign of returning life.

Faint and feeble as these signs were, they brought joy to the hearts of those around; and poor Hugh, who during all this time had stood as pale and as motionless as Charles himself, now sank upon his knees by his side, and, covering his face with his hands, sobbed like a child.

The history of Charles's accident was soon known. He had been placed upon a horse he was unable to manage. The cry of the hounds, the shouts of the people, the starting of the hunters, roused the spirit of the animal, and, dashing along at headlong speed, it soon outstripped the rest of the field.

"Well done! bravely sat! take courage, my boy!" sounded on every side; and Charles did take courage, and did bravely keep his seat, till, at a certain turn in the

road, he lost his balance, and was thrown heavily to the ground.

From this time, the little boy knew nothing of what followed. He had been gently raised, and, as the man described, had spoken a few words, but then had fainted from pain and loss of blood.

In this state he was carried, as you have seen, to Mr. Stanley's house, where he remained; for Mr. Douglas being from home, there was nothing to prevent his friend's wish of having him where, day and night, he could watch his recovery, and where he could kneel by his side, now to thank God for saving his life, now to pray Him to complete His mercy, and in His own good time to raise him from a bed of pain.

The visit of the doctor gave Mr. Stanley little comfort. Besides the deep cut on his head, Charles's right arm had been broken, and his leg and ancle bruised and sprained. If they could keep off fever, he said, all might go well; but if, as he feared, that came on, he could scarcely answer for his life.

The pain of setting the broken arm, Charles bore like a little hero, or perhaps I should say like something better still,—for it was his wish not to give pain to others that made him try to hide what he felt himself. He held Mr. Stanley's hand closely clasped in his own, and from time to time, glancing at poor Hugh as he stood in silent sorrow in the furthest corner of the room, he would attempt to smile, more than once repeating, "It is not painful,—scarcely any pain at all."

That night Mr. Stanley watched hour after hour by the side of his little favorite; and much and dearly as he knew he loved the boy, he was astonished at his own feelings, when the fear of fever gradually strengthened into certainty, and the poor child became delirious.

Silent but earnest prayers had Mr. Stanley breathed for the little boy from the first moment of that morning's meeting; but now, overpowered by the fear of losing him, and forgetful of all but his own agony,

and that now as ever, there was mercy with God, he sank upon his knees, and poured aloud from his bursting heart a fervent prayer for his recovery.

Mr. Stanley had not held his melancholy watch alone. On hearing of Charles's accident, his old nurse had hurried to his side, and now hung over her little charge, shedding tears as bitter as those, as, a few months before, she had wept over her own child when he had been laid in the grave.

Hugh, too, I have told you, had taken his silent stand in the furthest corner of the room, his face buried in his hands, as if he could neither bring himself to look upon Charles's sufferings, or to leave the room in which he lay.

It was the sound of Mr. Stanley's voice in prayer, that first roused him, apparently, to a state of consciousness; for then, tottering to the bed, with clasped hands he fell upon his knees. And sad and solemn was the sight in that darkened room, when these three beings, of different rank and station,

and unconnected as they were by birth to the little sufferer, side by side offered up prayers for his safety, and joined their voices in one earnest cry that the God of mercy might see fit to spare his life.

It was at this moment that Charles once more unclosed his eyes, and turning them slowly from one kneeling figure to another, he asked, "Am I dying, Mr. Stanley? Does Dr. Grey say I shall die, nurse? Oh! I wish papa were here; I want to see him before I die,—will you send for him, Mr. Stanley?—will you go for him, Hugh?" No answer was returned, for the very calmness of the child overpowered his companions. "Won't you go, my good Hugh?" he repeated; "Won't you do the very last thing I shall ever ask you?"

"I can't, Master Douglas, indeed I can't," sobbed the poor creature. "Don't send me away from you,—let me stay here,—I'm not fit to go,—I'm not fit for any thing now."

A few tears ran down Charles's pale cheeks. "Perhaps," he said, "though the doctor does say I shall die, God may spare me yet; so don't be too sorry, poor Hugh." Then, turning to Mr. Stanley,—"I want to have papa here. I think I should get better if you were all here."

"He has been already sent for, my dear boy; he will be with you to-morrow," said his friend.

"To-morrow!" repeated Charles, faintly, "shall I live till to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes, my dear boy, and for many a morrow, I trust," answered the doctor, whom the sound of voices had brought from the next room, and the sofa on which he had stretched himself an hour or two before. "Things are not so very bad as you seem to think,—but rest and quiet you must have. No more talking, or I banish every one from the room this moment, and keep watch myself. An hour's sleep is the best cure you can have; take that, and

I promise you, you shall see Mr. Douglas before the sun goes down to-morrow."

The words of Dr. Grey came true; Charles slept,—at first restlessly and disturbed, then as calmly and as quietly as if no pain or suffering awaited his wakening.

From this time his recovery was slow, but gradual; and if any thing could have made him dearer to those who, day and night, held their untiring watch by his side, it would have been the gentleness and patience with which he bore all his sufferings.

For weeks, his papa scarcely left his little boy's room,—for months, Mr. Stanley was more than ever his constant companion; for it was long, very long, before Charles had recovered health and strength sufficient to begin again his old way of life.

"Ah me!" he said one day, as Mr. Stanley laid him gently on the sofa, "what is to become of my discoveries! Here I have been only twice round the garden, and I am obliged to lie down and rest. If

this lasts much longer, I shall forget even how to set about looking for wonders.

"I hope it will not last quite long enough for that," said Mr. Stanley, smiling. "Besides, your kind aunt seems inclined to take the trouble of wonder-seeking off your hands. If, when you get well again, she is still to be on your side, I shall run but a poor chance of winning the race we are running together."

"Ah, Mr. Stanley!" said Charles, laughing as he took his friend's hand in his own, "that won't do any longer. You know quite well I found you out long ago. You do not look for wonders—or at least very rarely, for you always put them in my way. It is not at all a fair race that we are running, for you always take the long rounds, and push me into the short cuts as you pass."

"Nevertheless," rejoined his friend, joining in the merry laugh of the boy, which it rejoiced his heart to hear once more ringing as of old,—"Nevertheless the race

is fair enough, for my legs being longer than yours, it is but right that I should avoid the short cuts you speak of. I must, however, be on my guard, otherwise long practice will soon enable you to outrun your master. But this promised letter,—is not to-morrow the day? I think, Charles, I feel more curiosity about this history of a nightingale than even you do."

"Oh no! I have been trying to keep from thinking of it all day; for, you know, though I liked all about the squirrel very much, and though it was so very, very kind in Aunt Alice to write so long a letter for no other reason than to please me, still it was not a wonder; and if I were to think too much of this one, and that after all it should prove no discovery, then I might not like it so much as I have done all the others. My aunt says it *is* a wonder, but I am quite determined not to think of it till it comes."

Whether Charles kept his determination, I cannot say; but in case you should like

to know what the letter about the squirrel was, which had so much pleased Charles, I am going to copy it here, for it is lying before me now, and a very long one it is,—written, too, in a pretty lady-like hand. It begins "My dear little wounded boy," and ends with many kind words from his much loving and affectionate Aunt Alice.

It was not the first letter from the same kind hand that Charles had received after his terrible accident,—it was one of many. The first part I shall pass over, and begin at once the history of the squirrel.

"You must bear in mind, my dear boy," wrote Aunt Alice, "that the story of a pet must ever be a sad one; for who has ever yet had a dog, or cat, or crow, or sparrow, that did not come to some most sorry end? One fine morning, a few months ago, when your uncle Harry and I left the nursery, where baby was kicking and screaming in her bath, (which, by the by, she seemed dearly to enjoy, for since the time she was two months old, she has never left it without a most angry cry,) a box was brought

in; it had just arrived, the servant said, by the morning coach. 'Ah!' exclaimed your uncle, 'I know what that is; old Robert has caught him at last, the poor little fellow!' and he lifted from the box the prettiest of all pretty squirrels. 'What a little beauty!' I said; 'but oh, Harry! why have you had him caught?' He put him down again, and looked rather vexed. 'Well, this is too bad!' he said; 'did you not tell me, Alice, you should like to have a squirrel? Here have I been trying to get one for you all the summer, and now you ask why I have had him caught!'

"It was very true. I had once wished for a squirrel; and if you want to know why I had changed my mind, and had even forgotten all about it, I shall tell you. I had not then my own little Annie, and I thought I should like a pretty squirrel to pet and play with; now I feel all my time must be given to my little girl, and that I have none left to bestow upon pet squirrels or pet birds, and indeed I find that I no longer

care about them. However, as it had been got to please me, I determined that I should be pleased, and that I should give up any little spare moment that I might snatch from Annie to seeing that the little creature was well fed, snug, and merry.

"We got a cage for it, and uncle Harry rode off to the village for the best filberts to be had. With chestnuts and almonds he was already provided, but as he did not touch them, we thought he might prefer nuts, and that therefore he should have them.

"The nuts came, and the feast being ready, we invited our guest to the banquet; but though dinner was thus announced, he came not to the table. 'Poor little trembling thing! he is afraid of us,' we said.—'When we go away, he will very quickly come forth,—never mind, we shall be better friends by and by.'

"But, alas! though the pretty squirrel was left alone, he did not come forth,—at all events, he did not eat the nuts; for when

we stole back again some time afterwards, to spy out his movements, and to count how many had been devoured, there they still lay untouched—one, two, and three, just as we had left them. Not even the mark of one of his sharp little teeth was to be seen upon their shells.

"'I am very much afraid,' your uncle said, 'that old Robert has played me false, and brought me a wild squirrel instead of a tame one. If so, poor fellow! he will never come to any good. He will hate his cage and pine for the green wood till he dies.'

"This seemed too likely. The squirrel was certainly not a tame one; it had therefore not been accustomed to a cage. And how cruel, then, it seemed to keep him prisoned against his will,—to change its free and happy life in the wild wood for one of confinement. Besides, it would certainly die; it would, as your uncle said, pine away, and we could not bear the thought of this.

"The brass bars, which a few minutes before, we thought were to please him by their brightness, we now felt were but bolts and bars, depriving him of his liberty; but we should let him go, we should set him free. It would be delightful to see him out once more, and out he was just coming, when, alas! we recollected that winter had set in, that the snow lay thick upon the ground, that he could not make his way back to his old home in the woods, and that now it was too late to build himself a new one, even could he, as was unlikely, accustom himself to the new place where he now was.

"Besides all this, the poor little fellow had doubtless spent the summer hard at work, providing food sufficient for his winter store; and now if we turned him loose, he could find no single nut or acorn to keep himself alive.

"'Poor little squirrel!' we said, 'your fate is a hard one; prisoner you are, and prisoner you must remain; but do not let

your heart droop, my pretty one; for as sure as spring returns, so surely shall you go off to your wild haunts again.' And then, having given our word of honor that it should be so, we could do no more than leave him to his nuts, chestnuts, and almonds, and to what he seemed far more to delight in, his own sad thoughts.

"Indeed, Charles, I can advise you never to wish for a squirrel; it is the worst pet you can have. When I saw its bright glossy coat, its sparkling black eyes, and its long bushy tail, I thought I should like very much indeed to have it. But when I looked at the little creature's claws, and saw how plainly they had been made to grasp and cling, and how the little legs were formed by God's hands to spring, almost to fly from tree to tree, I felt ashamed to see him shut up, and hated the cruel cage that confined him, almost as much as he could do.

"Well, the day passed on, and the poor squirrel was never seen to move; but when

night came, when the candles were out, and everything was still and quiet, he began his operations, and gnawed with all his little strength at the woodwork of his cage. At last there was a crash, a spring into the middle of the room, and one sharp shrill cry of delight that told us he was free.

"As it was still quite dark, and none of the servants were up, we could do nothing but leave him to his own devices; and they consisted in springing from the bed, to the wardrobe, and from the wardrobe, to the bed, as often and as merrily as if he had been once more in the forest.

"As you may suppose, these joyous proceedings rather disturbed our rest; and you may imagine our surprise when, as morning began to dawn, we heard a rattling among the china, and, looking up, beheld our friend, seated very quietly upon the top of that tall vase which you know always stands on my chimney-piece, and which your grandpapa had brought me from Italy. 'Alas, my Etruscan vase!'

said I. 'And woe betide the old china cups and saucers!' sighed your uncle in a most dolorous voice, for they are his peculiar favorites. Our fears were soon put to rest: squirrels are not such awkward inmates as we imagined. True, the housemaid's clumsy fingers had knocked two to pieces the day before; but he managed his tidy feet far better, for there he sat so long as it pleased him, and then off he sprang with one light bound: so that all the harm he did the old china, was to sweep the dust off with his long bushy tail as he brushed along.

"Well, morning came at last, and with it, as usual, your cousin Fred, who, as you know, always chooses to rouse his uncle Hal himself. 'Come in, my boy; but shut the door quickly,' said we, 'the squirrel has got out, and we have been waiting for you to give him chase. We must not light the fire till he is safe, or the poor little fellow will be jumping into it.'

"So uncle Harry got up, and Fred call-

ed Frank; and then little Frisk joining in the fun, barked most furiously, and away they went, full cry, after the poor squirrel, who leaped, and sprung, and flew from one place to another, as if well aware that their utmost efforts would be all in vain. The more quick and active he was, the more hopelessly slow, and awkward, seemed his pursuers; for just as I heard in one corner the cry of 'Here, I've got him!' I saw the little fellow in another looking as wild and as fearless as ever. And so it continued for an hour, at least; he was here, and there, and everywhere but in their hands. At last, however he took an ill-fated leap into the corner of a large wardrobe. 'Now we have him!' they all cried at once; and got him they certainly had, for Freddy caught him by the tail, and in spite of a determined fight with feet and claws, the poor squirrel became once more a prisoner in his cage.

"There is but little more now to tell, and that little is very melancholy. For

two whole days and nights, did he remain curled up in the box-part of his cage; and although different sorts of food lay round him in every direction, he tasted not one morsel. And on the third morning, when we went to look at him, he was, though still warm, quite dead. His wild spirit could not brook a prison, and in depriving him of liberty, his heart was broken."

So ended the sad story of the squirrel. It was quickly followed as Aunt Alice had promised, by another, and, as Charles thought, a still more delightful letter. On the very day, at the very hour on which she had told him he might expect it, a large packet was put into his hands. As it was not then the days of the penny post, it was franked by uncle Harry, and directed to Charles at Mr. Stanley's house, where he still was.

He had not been so well that morning, but his eye brightened, and his pale cheek flushed with pleasure, as in great haste tearing open the cover, he prepared to read aloud.

"You had better lie still and allow me to read to you," said Mr. Stanley, taking the closely written sheet from his hand; and Charles readily agreed, for listening he thought, was even more delightful than reading; and fatigue, weariness and pain were all forgotten, as his friend went on:—

"How happy I am, my dear little wonder-seeker, to hear that during your long illness I have helped to amuse and occupy you. I wished, but scarcely hoped, to succeed so well as you tell me I have done; and yet I do assure you, I have thought and rethought over my whole life, to find such things as I know interest you the most. I have not, however, I fear, been such an adept in wonder-finding as you already appear to be,—or, if I have made any great and curious discoveries, they come tardily to my recollection. All put together, I fear, would weigh lightly in the balance against some of yours,—your little gravediggers, for instance. However, such as they are, you shall have them; and

you may depend upon my exerting myself in your behalf, so long as you are prevented from laboring in your own.

"The subject of this letter is to be the nightingale mentioned in my last. Whether it may equal the expectations raised, I cannot say; but of this you may rest assured,—it is a true one. Your uncle Harry says, we shall never be able to make anything out of it; but we shall see, and you shall be the judge. It happened many years ago, when we were staying at Lucca. Lucca, as I dare say you already know, is very lovely, and oh! how happy we were there together. Some were with us then who are now in Heaven, and others who have since wandered far away, and whom, unless God wills it, we shall never see again. But though the streams of Lucca run bright, my boy, the river of life that flows by the throne of God is far brighter; and by those who walk in the quiet pastures, where 'the Lamb doth lead his

flock,' the fairest meadows of earth are all forgotten.

"Your cousin Minna and I, were, I think, the two who loved best to wander among the woods and lanes of lovely Lucca; and often before any of the rest were up, while the dews were yet fresh upon the grass, and the first glad wakening song of the birds was ringing loudly from tree to tree, we have stolen away together, with old Nep for a companion, to take long and delightful strolls in the cool morning air. Very often, too, after the sun had set, and there was no light in the heavens but that of the little twinkling stars, we and our good old dog have sallied forth, rambling so far away, that supper would grow cold, and poor nurse be left to wonder what these good-for-nothing children could be about.

"One morning when we had wandered somewhat further than usual, we came to a small churchyard, where the graves were covered so thickly with flowers, that

it looked to us more like a bright and beautiful garden of life, than the lone still valley of death it really was. 'Fond hearts have been busy here; these sleepers are not forgotten,' Minna said as she stooped to look at a little grave quite overgrown with honeysuckle. 'I did not think flowers, watered with tears, would thrive so well;' and she was just breaking off a branch, when a little girl, whom before we had scarcely noticed, sprang forward, and in soft eager accents exclaimed, 'Oh! do not break that flower; it is the one that grows upon Pietro's grave; he used to watch it when it grew in his own garden, and when he died, my mother brought it here.'

"'And who was Pietro, dear child?' we asked, for there was something so gentle and sad in the little girl's manner, that we felt at once, we must know more of her history.

"'He was my little brother,' she replied, her eyes resting mournfully on the

tomb. 'We used to play together; but God wanted another angel, and so Pietro went to heaven.'

"'How long is it since he died?' we enquired.

"'Two years, lady; mother says it is two years.'

"'You must have been very young then,' we said; 'do you remember him?'

"'Oh, yes, yes!' she replied; 'no one forgets Pietro. The little bird in that tree has not forgotten him. She built her nest there in the spring-time when Pietro died, and there she lives still. Stoop lower, lady, and you will see her there,—just there;' pointing to a nest in an old crab-tree, which twisted its withered branches over the side of the little tomb. 'Do you see it?' she continued, her eyes sparkling with delight; 'it is a pretty nightingale. She has got four young ones now, and very soon they will all be singing upon Pietro's grave.'"

I had intended closing Charles's history

with his parting from Mr. Stanley, but one more incident I must relate. Four years after the morning on which the little boy had quitted home, as an English carriage was driving rapidly through the rich valley of the Rhone, the postilion suddenly drew in his horses.

"Here's another stop," he said in a surly voice; "I see a carriage overturned down there." And instead of hastening his pace to give the necessary assistance, he seemed to lag on, in the hope that the fallen, and struggling horses, might be raised without occasioning him the trouble of dismounting from his own. His employers seemed to feel less indifference upon the occasion.

"It is an English carriage, from its appearance, sir," said the servant from the box. "Shall I make him drive on? they seem to have no assistance, sir."

"Do, Hugh, by all means," answered a young voice from the carriage; "or let us get out. Hallo postilion! stay where you

are,—willing feet will take us sooner than an unwilling horseman;—come along, Hugh,—do come Mr. Gordon;" and a boy of fourteen turned his animated face, with a pleading look, from one to the other as he spoke; then springing from the carriage, he darted down the steep hill.

"Wait, wait a moment till we come," he shouted to the driver of the fallen horses, who, with a single assistant, was endeavoring in vain, to disentangle the traces sufficiently to allow the poor animals' rising, and at the same time to prevent the carriage from pressing still more heavily upon them. As he bounded lightly down the hill, he was followed by the willing Hugh. And so intent were they in offering assistance, that no glance of recognition passed between them and the traveller.

With their help, to free the struggling horses was but the work of a moment; and then as the boy paused to take breath, a well-known, long-remembered voice sounded in his ear, and with a shout of joy,

like that with which he used to welcome Mr. Stanley long, long ago, Charles sprang to his side and once more threw his arms round the neck of his friend.

"Where are you going to? How did we meet you here? Why are you on the Continent? And why have I not heard from you?" were questions that followed so rapidly, as to leave no time for an answer to each.

"I was in search of you," said his friend. "Our letters have missed each other. Your papa and I met in Paris, and from that time I have done little more than follow your steps, never arriving till too late, and sometimes missing you by little more than half an hour."

Charles's eyes had sparkled through the list of grievances given by his friend, and scarcely waiting the conclusion, "You are come, then, to go with us—to travel with us?"

"Yes," answered his friend, "we have met again, my dear boy—not, I trust, to be speedily parted."

THE GOLDEN AGE.

A SKETCH.

In the first age of the world, which is called the Golden Age, all things which the Lord hath made, were pure like Himself, and man, the noblest of His works, was without sin; nor was there in this happy age, any thing wanting, to exalt the life and satisfy the soul and sense with pure joys. Sweet odors, exhaling from delicious fruits and flowers, filled the air with their exquisite perfume, concerts of heavenly music echoed in harmonious numbers through the groves and among the hills, the orchards, fountains, rivulets and winding streams;—in fine, all that could please the sight or exalt the soul, was disposed in such order and harmony, that nothing could be found wanting to satisfy the desire of the mind, and gladden the heart with pure joy and delight.

In this happy Eden, all things blessed God, and worshiped Him, in a holy angelic life. Selfish and worldly loves were not known: one feeling reigned in every heart, —*love* to *God* and *love* to *man;* and from every living thing gushed forth continually, songs of praise, which mingled in one chorus of joy, and was re-echoed by the angels in harmonious numbers.

In this blessed age, there was a perpetual spring; neither was there any darkness at all, nor storms of wind and rain; but instead thereof, there was a gentle dew or mist, which rose from the face of the earth and watered it, causing flowers to spring forth spontaneously, satisfying all things with a superabundance of good.

Birds and beasts of good and pleasant natures, and such only as have a good correspondence, lived for man in this age.

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How this golden age was changed into that of silver, then of iron and brass, may be learned from the Scriptures. To re-

store that age again in some degree to the Lord and to the world, should be the endeavor of every one. We must begin this work with little children, *and become again* ourselves *like them*, that we may be able to do them good, and keep them pure, looking ever to the Divine Being for help.

If the Lord could be represented to the minds of children, more like a tender parent, with the purest love for them, whose ears are always open to hear their prayers, and whose only will is to do them good, it would be far better for their tender minds.

The mysterious and awful sublimity, with which the character of "Our Heavenly Father" is too often shrouded, is not apt to awaken confidence and love in the tender minds of the young, but rather to excite their fear.

Children, wheresoever ye are and wheresoever ye live, whether in the church or out of it, remember that you have a kind Father in Heaven who always loves you, and provides each one with ministering an-

gels who tenderly love, and are always about you by day and by night. It is through these good angels you get your happy thoughts and pleasant dreams, your good and pious affections, and your winning tenderness: think of this, and keep your minds in innocence, that you may always be the receptacles of good and truth, and become happy angels.

And ye dear children who live in the city all the year, go forth into the open country as often as possible; leave the noise and bustle of the *city*, with its brick walls and everlasting din behind you; look at the descending sun, as he pours his bright flame over the fields, and along the sloping hills, sprinkling every quivering leaf and shrub with golden light, and let your thoughts rise from these wondrous beauties, to your Creator. Gather the wild flowers from the field, they will teach you humility. Listen to the sweet songs of the birds, and the wild echo among the hills; they will lead you to knowledge, and fill yonr soul with adoration and love.

Children, keep your young, pious feelings ever with you; let not age and evil with their cold iron grasp ever wrench them from you; look to the blessed Jesus, who while on earth *blessed you* and said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The following may illustrate in some degree, the state of life in the "Golden Age."

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

A long while ago, when the world was much younger than it is now, and not so wicked, and man was as fond of *doing good*, as he is now of doing evil, there lived a good shepherd and his wife, with one lovely daughter whose name was Luceia. Their home was far away from the great city, for they lived in a delightful valley surrounded by verdant hills and orchards of delicious fruit: the green turf and rich flowery garment with which it was clothed during the early spring and late summer, might lead one to mistake it for

a *fairy* land. In the midst of this valley, there was a charming lake, in whose clear bosom were reflected the green sloping hills and tall pines which rose from the surrounding hill tops, with a grace surpassingly picturesque. But this external loveliness was not all there was to admire in this charming spot—the people lived in pure love and harmony; each one seeking the good of his neighbor, and endeavoring as far as possible to bring upon earth again the blessed "*golden age;*" and their goodness and purity seemed indeed to make nature more beautiful. For this valley was not only fair in summer, but during the winter season, the air was mild, the sun shone with a cheerful light, and the groves of ever-green gave it always a cheering appearance, gladsome and smiling like the spring. The inhabitants were principally shepherds, and their wealth consisted mostly in their flocks—gold and silver they did not covet; they did not desire it, for all their wants were supplied

by the bounteous hand of nature. Selfishness, pride and avarice, were so little known and practised, that they did not disturb the happiness of the people. No one attempted to cheat or deprive his neighbor of his rights. Their religion was not ostentatious, but a pure and true worship of the Lord, and was shewn in a life of charity to the neighbor.

Here too, conjugal love was a pure affection, and marriage a union of mind and heart, untainted by wicked and selfish passions.

But to return to this good family. I have chosen Luceia as an example of true goodness of heart and mind, not because she was the only one in this peaceful spot worthy of commendation, for there were many. Luceia was taught when very young, to shun all evils as sins against the Lord, and to love all mankind, as equally with herself the objects of His care and love, and belonging to *Him*. Pride, selfishness, and vanity were not allowed to

have any place in her young breast. Some children at the present day, are taught by the example of their parents, (which is far more effectual than precept,) to despise the poor and unfortunate, to love themselves supremely, and to hate all who deprive them of their selfish desires. In this way all manner of evils are communicated from parent to child and from one generation to another, till man has become so fallen, that it will take a very long time to restore that pure love to the neighbor, which must be done before we can live like the Lord's true children. Luceia was not of this class, her parents had watched over her from the cradle, with the fondest care, and loved and cherished her, as a gift from the *Most High;* they trained her as a tender shrub which they saw daily opening and budding, in the shape of kind thoughts and feelings. These kind acts were like sweet flowers and fresh fruit; her mind was stored with every virtue, which gave sweetness and grace to her lovely person. It was virtue and piety,

early implanted in the hearts of the children, which made the people in this little community so pure and happy.

Every one, if he look within himself, will find there two contending passions, one elevating and inciting the heart to shun all evils as sins against God; and to do good to the neighbor, from love to him;—while the other strives to debase the life, inclining the heart to worldly and selfish loves, which, if not overcome by willingly striving against them, and allowing the Divine influence to regenerate, will embitter and destroy all the best affections of the heart forever.

With such sentiments as these, how could Luceia fail to improve in goodness and every female grace?—for she always obeyed the *good* passions, or the dictates of Divine Love; and so she grew from childhood to youth—sometimes thoughtful and sometimes gay.

In this peaceful and happy way of life the shepherd and his family lived, blessed

in their labors, which they performed with a quiet happiness which none can enjoy save those who labor for the love of use.

Now Luceia had a lovely garden, which was her especial care. The entrance to it was by a narrow winding path, pleasantly shaded by green trees, which gave shelter from the scorching sun; and was a safe resting-place for numerous birds, which sung in concert all the day long, and were so tamed by her gentle nature that they would rest upon her shoulder and eat from her hand. The flowers in this garden were of every variety and hue, and were disposed in such order and adornment in the arrangement of their beds as to reflect all the colors of the rainbow. The little brook which flowed through it, concealed by a hedge of rose bushes, sung sweet melodies of praise all day, and at night, its tuneful song was heard in low murmurs, mingling with the wind. Luceia saw God in all these wondrous works, and it inspired her with a purer spirit of praise, and she raised her

voice in the glad song as it was borne upwards to the glorious temple of stars.

Her parents were now gradually sinking into the vale of years, but happy in their good and true life, which they felt was but just beginning. All nature, with its beautiful, spring-like freshness, seemed in unison with their spiritual life, and as the shades of the last hour descended upon them, like flowers at night-fall, they gathered themselves together in one embrace of love. And thus they passed away—they *two*, yet *one*—encircled by a heavenly band of shining spirits, and the music of angelic voices welcomed them to their home among the blessed. Luceia was now alone,—and yet, not alone, for she felt that their blessed spirits were present with her though she could not see them. This feeling gave her comfort; she felt that the passing away into the other life, (which is called death,) to those who love the Lord, was but a sweet sleep, from which we awake into a new and happy life.

One evening, as she was sitting lost in silent communion with herself, her mind went back to the past gladsome and happy days, when the joyful hymn of praise was sung by the united hearts of her parents and herself,—the memory of these departed joys was painful, and she wept. Perhaps these were the first *sad* tears she had ever shed. She felt that she was alone—that there was something wanting, something she could not define, and yet a part of herself; perhaps it was a desire for some intelligent being—that other part of herself—with whom she could worship the Divine with a purer worship; and she prayed that Heaven would grant her such a friend. *All are born to love; it is an undying principle in man, and although it may be fallen or perverted by a wicked life, it has its origin from the Most High, and must partake of His nature.*

With these reflections she rose from her seat, and went to the window that looked out upon the valley, and the little church

where she had worshiped with those she loved; there it stood, the tall spire gleaming in the moonlight, while the lake, from which a white mist was rising like a mantle of shining light, lay directly between, in whose glassy bed two white marble slabs were shadowed forth. For a moment, she bent her head in sorrow for those departed ones; it was but a moment, and then raising her eyes to heaven, she said, "Father, thy will be done," and she sung in a low tender voice these sweet lines:

"How beautiful is *death*,
When in pure light we die;
Not fearful is the parting breath,
It is but sleep in which we lie.
Death is not night,
But pure and glorious light.

Though a while in mortal sadness,
Here we bear our earthly strife,
Though the world may frown upon us,
Heaven *shall smile*, for *death is life*."

To those who believe in a life after

death, if they have sought with their whole hearts to live *well* here, there ought to be nothing painful connected with it. The passing through the "dark valley," called death, to those who have shunned the shadowy ways of evil, and have lived a life of charity on earth, is but an entrance into a truer life, an eternal one of perfect happiness.

Oh! if man could but realize the evils of his pride and selfishness, when indulged in; how it leads him to injustice and wrong, to abuse and despise his neighbor and friend, and finally to despise the Lord, and ruin his own soul, would he not cherish with the greatest care, those affections which would lead him to deny himself, to resist evil, and to love *his God* and all mankind? Our Creator has endowed us with capacities to enjoy all that is good and beautiful. He has placed us in a world full of lovely flowers, trees of delicious fruits, verdant fields, rivers and refreshing streams; all are for man if he will but en-

joy them, which he can do by living a life obedient to Divine laws; and the Lord does not require of his children what they are unable to perform. He has left us to choose for ourselves—but how have we abused this freedom? as if we preferred sorrow and pain, to a true happy life. We have taken great care to seek out the crooked paths, and the forbidden fruit, and then all our joys fade and so we *die*.

[The *story* of Luceia it is intended to finish in the next year's Annual.]

HUMILITY.

"The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest.
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath Humility."

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